# THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### JEHOSAPHAT JONES.

THE DANGERS OF A LITTLE COURTSHIP.

New-England is the land of school-masters. Here is his native element—the place where of all others he is honored, respected and appreciated. To be a school-master here is to enjoy no mean office. Her greatest men have in their younger days, been pedagogues. Her schools are thus nurseries of learning in a two-fold sense—for the young who are taught, and for their instructors who teach. The office of teacher is coveted, not so much for the pecuniary profit it affords—for that is but small--as for the opportunity it offers for studying the operation of the mind, for applying to actual practice the rules and theories which have been learnt from books, and for gathering that knowledge and experience of human nature, so essential to success in life, and which must else be purchased at so dear a price. The system of schools, as here developed, is admirably adapted to this mental improvement. In many of the villages—I might say in all—three or four months in a year are all that are allotted for that class of schools, known as district schools. The instructors in these are mostly young men from the colleges and higher seminaries of learning, who obtain a furlough from their studies in the winter months to take upon themselves the responsibilities of teachers.

But what has all this to do with Jehosophat Jones? Why, simply that Jehosophat was a student at college—in his second college year—and of course a great man in embryo. Of course, too, he was one *winter* engaged in the business of school-keeping, and *it is to* his adventures during that period that these remarks are introductory. Jehosophat was born and raised in a seaport town in New-England. He had consequently great knowledge of ships and other similar craft—he could tell a coaster from a chebacco-boat, or a man-of-war from a mackerel-man. He had seen the sea-serpent twice, and knew precisely how many humps there were on his back. He was moreover well skilled in the navigation of the coast—he had been a voyage from Cape Ann to Passmaquoddy all along shore, and was versed in the venacular tongues and sounds of Cape Cod and Marblehead.

Jehosaphat was in truth somewhat of an amphibious animal. He could swim like a fish, dive like a seal, and *scoot* like a porpoise. Of the two elements, land and water, the latter was perhaps the most natural to him. He was born on a fishing voyage to the Banks, his mother having accompanied her husband —who was a *skipper*—in one of those expeditions for the benefit of her health. Jehosophat, as he grew up, was weaned from the water and put to his books. At first he had great aversion to these—he was ever scribbling on his slate pictures of vessels and other marine productions. He got over this in time—went regularly through the course of pot-hooks and trammels, till he learned to write joining-hand—then he was put to figures, and went through all the rules till he landed safe the other side of the Rule of Three—then he commenced upon Latin, and then on Greek, and finally after a long course of severe tutoring and drilling, he was pronounced by his instructors fitted for college, where, having been duly admitted, we now receive him.

But Jehosaphat knew nothing of a country life.—One half of the world, says the old proverb, knows not how the other half live. So was it with Jehosaphat. He knew that grass grew in the country—that farmers raised corn and potatoes, and this was about the extent of his rural knowledge. He however packed up his books and equipments and started off for the country with the rest of his class-mates, to keep school, with as much nonchalance and confidence as if he were going on a fishing voyage. That he was totally incompetent to the task, on account of his want of a knowledge of country manners, never once entered his head—it was sufficient for him to know that he was a Sophomore at college and had engaged to keep a school—and beyond that he did not trouble himself. In justice to Jehosaphat, however, as a faithful historian, I should state, that he was not altogether so unfurnished as the fashionable reader might suppose. Two years' intercourse with the little world at college had given him much information on the subject of dress and general deportment, and he was not slow in applying the result of his observations to practice.

Jehosaphat took up his abode in the family of a plain farmer, who, with his wife and five children, all expressed themselve highly delighted at the arrival of "the master," and made themselves officious in their exertions to please him. The old farmer brought out a mug of cider for his especial benefit, and was not satisfied till he drank it to the dregs. The mistress of the house spread her table with the best cloth and covered it with a profusion of country delicacies, such as Jehosaphat had never before witnessed; of each and all of which he was constrained to partake. The children hung round him and clambered up in his lap, to the great detriment of his best suit of clothes, while the pet cat and the old house-dog came purring and fawning about him, and seemed to join in the general welcome. At night he was ushered into his bed-chamber, where every thing was prepared for his reception. In one corner stood the bed, hung round with festoons of sausages for the purpose of drying, but arranged in such a manner as to give a fantastical decoration to its gaunt posts and its cornices. In an opposite corner stood, erect and prim as an old maid, an ancient piece of furniture y'clept a beaufat, which reached to the ceiling, and through the glass doors of which were visible rows of china cups and saucers and other articles, arranged so as to display all their beauties to the beholder. On a third side of the room hung a small frameless mirror, wofully defaced, so that it gave to the eye the appearance of looking through a snow-storm—over it was suspended a string of birds' eggs, the spoils of the children's summer maraudings, while beneath was a bureau of polished black walnut, placed upon which was the family bible, covered with green baize, with a few other books comprising the rest of the family library. These articles, with a good arm-chair, well stuffed and ornamented with patch-work curiously wrought, composed the whole furniture of the room, the windows of which were screened by curtains made of newspapers pasted together, so as to exhibit some quaint picture or some favorite piece of poetry.

Jehosaphat having surveyed his domicil, threw himself upon his bed and was soon lost in a profound sleep—but we will not trouble ourselves with his dreams, though we, in common with others, have great faith in first dreams under a strange roof.—Whether, therefore, he dreamed of fishing or schooling—of spearing eels or spanking boys, or other more agreeable occupations, it is not our purpose here to enquire. Morning came, and with it came the commencement of Jehosaphat's school labors. Upon these he entered with the greatest zeal—the pupils were regularly called out—their previous studies and attainments enquired into, and every thing in short was done to lay the foundation on which to erect a noble superstructure. What Jehosaphat had so well begun he as well followed up—day after day witnessed some new improvement or some new advancement of his scholars in their studies. His fame was soon circulated through the district, and he became the object of universal popularity. He was now accordingly invited round among his employers at parties and suppers given solely on his account.

It is a difficult course for a young man to steer situated as was Jehosaphat. There are jealousies and rivalship always existing between families and individuals in small villages, of which a stranger knows or can in fact be supposed to know nothing. To pilot one's way rightly and clearly through these—to avoid the Scylla on this side and the Charybdis on that—this is indeed a most delicate task to him who knows of their existence, but to him who is ignorant of it, it were a miracle indeed if he escaped shipwreck. It so happened that the family in which Jehosaphat had taken up his abode, was the rival of another family in the neighborhood, with whom the village master had previously to this time for a long series of winters been accustomed to board. That custom was in the present instance however broken in upon, and the boarding of Jehosaphat had been bidden off at the auction for that purpose, at a price at which the head of the former family refused to take him. Jehosaphat was not long in discovering that there existed peculiar reasons why the rejected family was by far the most desirable one to be an inmate of—to wit, that in that family were two daughters who had received an education somewhat superior to the rest of the village belles, and of whose charms, mental as well as personal, they were consequently jealous. Jehosaphat was accordingly in the habit of passing most of his evenings in this family, and the story soon spread that he was courting one or both of the 'Squire's daughters. This was a death blow to the hopes of his own host, who could not endure the thought that the company of his rival's daughters should be so much preferred to that of his own—it was a direct insult to his own daughters—and he had one already grown to womanhood, but whose beauty was like that of a full-blown sun-flower, gaudy and gawky, and did not exactly suit the refined taste of our hero. Still he had been invariably polite and attentive to her, as far as was consistent with his own views of propriety, and as far as he could overcome the feelings of repugnance which her own attentions to him, together with her personal appearance, naturally excited in his mind. He had written several pieces in her album, and painted for her card-racks and other ornaments, and in the card-rack had placed one of his own beautifully embossed cards.

Affairs were now approaching to a crisis—the visits of Jehosophat grew more frequent at the 'Squires, and of course his evenings were passed less frequently at home. Every body prophesied that the master and one of the 'Squire's daughters would make a match, but which one it was remained yet a secret. Some thought it was the elder and some the younger, but nobody could decide exactly which of the two was to be the favored one. These reports—trumpeted as they were from house to house, and related with a thousand minute embellishments, could not fail to reach the ears of Jerusha—for that was the cognomen of our sun-flower dame—and to fill her bosom with a vast deal of inquietude and unpleasant sensations. If the words of the poet be true—

> Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned,

they may account in some degree, perhaps, for the state of Jerusha's feelings, and for the singular method she was about to take in order to gratify them. This was no less than the declaration that the master had offered himself to her as a partner for life, and that his attentions therefore to the 'Squire's daughters were an unwarrantable and scandalous breach of his plighted faith. The story was at first privately broached to a committee of single ladies, who, under pretence of being invited to tea, were called together for the express purpose of considering so important a matter, and devising some scheme of punishing the offender. The proceedings of that meeting, it being in secret session, unfortunately never have leaked out, but the story itself went abroad through the village with a velocity and directness it could have acquired only from a preconcerted arrangement, and it soon was borne to Jehosophat, with such amplifications and improvements as filled him with amazement and indignation. Immediately he left the house and took lodgings at the hotel; he next called a meeting of the district in order to investigate the transaction, and to clear up his character, for by this time he began to be avoided by those who before were so desirous of his society; nay, even the children had been mostly withdrawn from his school, and the few that remained regarded him as a being capable of inflicting the most cruel injuries.

That a private matter should thus be made an affair of public concern may seem strange to such as have never resided in a country village; but to those who are acquainted with the peculiar propensity of villagers to interest themselves in the affairs of their neighbours, the astonishment will at once cease. On the day appointed a large concourse of both sexes assembled at the school-house to hear what might be offered by Jehosophat in mitigation of his offence.—He commenced by giving a history of the whole circumstances that had transpired between him and his fair accuser, from the time he first became acquainted with her to the day when he learnt the charge made against him. From this it fully appeared that nothing had occurred of any nature or description whatever to warrant the stories put in circulation respecting him. The whole assembly was completely taken by surprise at a statement so contrary to what they had believed to be true. Perceiving the favorable impression he had made in his behalf, Jehosophat proceeded to challenge his accusers to produce aught to contradict or gainsay him. Then it was that the countenances of many brightened up, while their eyes were turned upon the old farmer whose daughter's affections they supposed to have been so wantonly abused; from his testimony they now expected a signal victory over him whom they had condemned, and some of whom still considered—a base seducer. All were silent as he rose to speak. "You have heard a fine story," said he, "from that young man who is college learnt, and can talk more gramatically than I, but fine words butter no parsnips, as you all know, and if you will but listen to me a few moments I will give you such a plain history of this business, and produce such facts to prove it, as will leave not a single shadow of a doubt on your minds, that I am a much injured father—my Jerusha is a more injured daughter—and this college learnt master a wolf in sheep's clothing."

The old farmer, who had been carefully put in possession by his wife and daughter of almost every word Jehosophat had ever spoken to the latter, and every act of civility or kindness he had showed her, now proceeded to detail these, making such comments and observations as proved that in his own mind at least they amounted to a demonstration of a strong partiality for his Jerusha. Under these circumstances, he continued, the master was treated with unusual attention—every thing was done by the whole family to contribute to his comfort and happiness, supposing that he was one day to become allied to it by a still firmer tie—that notwithstanding these words and acts of the master, notwithstanding the treatment he had uniformly received, suddenly and without any apparent cause he broke off his engagement with Jerusha and commenced his courtship at the 'Squire's. Here the speaker was interrupted by Jehosophat, who demanded proofs of his statements. "You deny then, do you," said the farmer, "that you ever offered yourself to my Jerusha." "I do most unequivocally," answered Jehosophat. "Well, well, we shall see as to that—Jerusha herself, poor girl, is not here—but here is a paper that will prove every thing—you won't deny your own hand writing, will you, young man?" "Certainly I shall not," answered Jehosaphat, "but what paper or my writing do you pretend to hold?" "A love letter! to be sure, you don't deny writing it, nor nothing, do you?" "Produce the paper and you shall know," said Jehosaphat, whose curiosity and fears were not a little excited as to the result of so extraordinary a charge—curiosity to know what could be the substance of so precious a document, and fears lest some spurious production might be attempted to be palmed off upon the assembly as a legitimate love letter of his own paternity. The old farmer drew forth his pocket-book, from the folds of which he produced a small piece of paper, and raising it aloft in his hand, he exclaimed, "There it is! there it is! deny it if you dare!" Instantly did our hero step forward and examine the fatal instrument, when lo! he discovered it to be——what do you suppose, reader? a letter—a genuine love letter? No. A fabricated one, then? No—it was a visiting card, inscribed with these words alone, "Jehosaphat Jones"—the same which had been placed by him in the card-rack of Miss Jerusha, and which she, whether innocently or not it is not for us to say, had persuaded the old man, her father, was a real, bona fide love letter.

D.

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*An upright and independent Judiciary.*—When the King of Prussia had determined to build what is called the new Palace of Sans Souci, a part of his plan was to connect the new building with the old, by a pleasure ground. A mill occupied part of the ground which he wished to include in his new Garden. He offered to buy it, and pay for it considerably more than the value. The miller refused to part with it, and declared he would never leave the mill which had descended to him from his forefathers. The king himself in one of his walks conversed with the miller upon the subject. Becoming at length irritated with the man's obstinacy, he said to him, "You seem not to be aware that I am the master, and that I can take by force what you refuse to give up to me." "Oh," replied the miller, "you cannot frighten me in this way: *We have judges at Berlin.*" Frederick was so pleased with the answer that he abandoned his plan, and formed his garden so as not to interfere with the patrimony of the miller. Happy is the condition of a people, when a poor miller, upon seeing the oppressor's uplifted arm, can console himself with the reflection, that there are judges in the land.—*Lord Dover's Life of Frederick the Great.*

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*A trifling mistake.*—A Frenchman having a violent pain in his breast, went to a physician for relief. The doctor inquiring where his trouble lay, Monsieur, with a dolorous accent, laying his hand on his breast, said, "Vy, Sare, I have a very bad pain in my *portmanteau*," meaning his *chest*.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE ORPHANS.

But yesterday their mother's form, in funeral array,
Was carried forth to mingle with a husband's moulder-
ing clay:
And lone and friendless are they now, two infants fair
and free,
As ever shared a mother's kiss, or climbed a father's
knee.

Upon the flowery bank they sit—beneath its verdant
breast
Their parents sleeping, side by side, in cold commu-
nion rest,
Yet, all unconscious of their loss the orphans prattle
there,
Contented with the flowers around—as innocent
and fair.

The past hath faded from their thoughts, or half-forgot-
ten lies—
No picture of futurity amid their dreams arise;
The present hours are rife with flowers—they sigh for
nothing more—
The world, with all its mysteries, they seek not to
explore.

The trace of tears, but lately shed, is lingering in their
eyes,
But smiles are following on their wake, like sunshine
in the skies;
Their sorrow is forgotten, while their eyelids still are
wet—
So lightly is the seal of grief on infants' bosoms set.

And pleasantly—ah! pleasantly—they sit in childish
play,
Too lone and beautiful they seem in this cold world
to stay;
Ah! better far to wither in the glory of their spring,
Than live to taste the bitter fruit maturer age will
bring!

*Edinb. Lit. Journal.*

### MARRIAGES IN THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

*Children of the Duke of Sussex.*—We annex some particulars of the case referred to in our last. Sir Augustus D'Este and Miss Ellen D'E. children of His Royal Highness by his marriage with Lady Augusta Murray, "from a proper and filial regard to the memory of their late parent, and a desire also to be reinstated in the rank and property which have hitherto been most unjustly withheld from them, have taken the professional opinion of Dr. Lushington and Mr. Richards on the circumstances of their mother's marriage, and their own claims to legitimate descent from Geo. III. Nine different questions have been proposed to these gentlemen, all of them bearing most pertinently upon the matters we have just stated. The answers are clear and satisfactory, giving the decided opinions of the two eminent lawyers whose names we have mentioned, that Sir Augustus and Miss D'Este are legitimate children to whom the stain of bastardy cannot in any case attach; and that they may and must succeed to all property, titles and privileges which any child of the Duke of Sussex could in any circumstances inherit. The question is viewed in two lights, first as it is affected by the common law of the land; secondly, as it is affected by the Royal Marriage Act It is clear to these gentlemen, that according to the common law of England, the marriage of the Duke of Sussex was the only valid marriage which, under the circumstances, he could contract. It was given in evidence before Parliament on another occasion, that no legal marriage could be contracted by Protestants at Rome, and in all such cases, it is held that when the usual formalities of the country cannot be observed by Englishmen, as in Pagan countries, on board ship, &c. the law always sanctions and upholds all marriages where the contracting parties shall appear evidently to have, in good faith, endeavored to execute the most binding contract possible. The Duke of Sussex and Lady A. Murray were married at Rome, and it appears clearly, from their letters, that they acted under the strong impression that their marriage was a good and binding one. The lawyers are equally clear, that the Royal Marriage Act does not apply to this case and indeed, not in any case out of the kingdom. The Duke of Sussex, is an Irish as well as an English peer, and likewise, a Prince of the Royal Blood of Ireland. Ireland had, at that period, a separate legislature and jurisdiction, and it surely will not be supposed that an English parliament could limit the rights of an Irish subject. The Duke of Sussex could therefore contract a legitimate marriage with Lady Augusta Murray as an Irishman, and transmit unimpaired to his children the property and privileges of his own high descent."—*Morning Chron.*

#### ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Some paragraphs have appeared in the papers during the week, stating the opinions of two eminent persons,—a civilian and a common law lawyer,—as to the legitimacy of Sir Augustus D'Este and Miss E. D'Este, the reputed children of the present Duke of Sussex. Curiosity has been excited by this discussion much beyond the real importance of the question. The facts are known to be these.

In the year 1793, the Duke of Sussex married Lady Augusta Murray, the daughter of an Irish Earl, at Rome, and afterwards the ceremony was again performed, according to the rites of the Protestant church, in London. This marriage was subsequently declared void in the Court of Arches, upon a suit instituted by King George III., as being contrary to the provision of the Royal Marriage Act, passed in 1772; by which it is enacted, that none of the descendants of George the Second shall contract lawful matrimony except under the provisions of that statute. Three questions are now raised by Sir A. D'Este and his sister:—First, that they are the legitimate children of the Duke of Sussex, and capable of inheritance to his honours and property in Great Britain and elsewhere. Secondly, that the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act do not apply to them, nor to any marriage contracted by their parents abroad. And thirdly, that they are entitled to all the rank and privileges of the descendants of George the Second through their father the Duke of Sussex, in all foreign countries at least, if not in Great Britain.

The first question that involves this consideration,—whether the claimants are legitimate children by the existing laws of this country.

It is quite clear that, according to the marriage law of this country, Sir Augustus and his sister would be legitimate were it not for the obstacle of the Royal Marriage Act: but the Royal Marriage Act, with reference to their reputed father the Duke of Sussex, is incorporated into the general Marriage Act of 26 Geo. II. All marriages contrary to that Act, under any circumstances, until the late Act of 4 Geo. IV. were invalidated, and the issue of such marriage bastardized. This was the disability of the subject, and produced cases of the most oppressive grievance. The Royal Marriage Act, which was engrafted upon this general act by authority of parliament, and with a view to the Royal issue, constitutes the disability of the Duke of Sussex, and necessarily illegalised the issue of any marriage which he should contract contrary to its provisions. It is an Act, as it were, *in personam*,—a personal and peculiar disability. If a subject contracted a marriage, wanting a day of his full majority, by license, without the consent of guardians, and had children of that marriage, educated to the inheritance of his estate, such children might at any period, even after the father's death, have been bastardized, and rendered incapable of inheriting, until the remedial Act of the late King, passed about ten years ago. Many cases of extraordinary severity on this point must be familiar to our readers.

If such were the hardships in the case of a subject, what reason have the descendants of George the Second to complain, that their marriages are liable to the same impeachment in case of nonconformity with the Royal Marriage Act? The Duke of Sussex expressly violated the provisions of this Act, by his marriage with Lady Augusta Murray. The infraction of the law could not be unknown to Lady Augusta herself. The issue, therefore, are clearly illegitimate by the law of England through the personal disability of their reputed royal parent,—and cannot lay claim to the honors and titles of the Duke of Sussex in Great Britain. The marriage at Rome was a mere evasion of the law of the land, and the re marriage in London an absurdity.—This appears to be an answer to the first question.

Secondly—It is quite clear that the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act do not apply to Sir A. D'Este and his sister in their individual capacity: and for *one* plain reason—that they *are not* descendants of George the Second in the legal sense. It affects them *only* as claiming through the Duke of Sussex. They may contract what marriages they please, and may respectively be founders of legitimate families; but the law of England can acknowledge them in no other light than as the children of Lady A. Murray, and the reputed offspring of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

Thirdly—The third question is already answered, as respects Great Britain, in the foregoing. Sir A. d'Este and his sister are entitled to no privileges whatever but such as his Majesty condescends to bestow upon them. Their case, however, is a peculiarly hard one. They are victims to the most despotic law that has ever passed; and it is their misfortune that, in a case to which such law ought never to have extended, they are innocent and involuntary sufferers. But as respects the rights derived under this marriage in foreign countries, the question is a very different one; and the answer to it depends upon a due consideration of the following principles:—

First—It is an unquestionable principle in the Law of Nations, that all marriages contracted in any Christian State, according to the laws of such State, are legal and valid marriages, and must be acknowledged as such by every nation, being one of the members of the commonwealth of Europe. Upon this principle, marriages celebrated in Rome, Paris, or Vienna, according to the laws of Italy, Austria, or France, are, as marriages, legal, good, and valid, in England or any other Christian State.

Secondly.—It is likewise an unquestionable principle, that the Common Law of Christendom, that is to say, the Law of Nations, and of Christian States, regards marriage, not merely as a civil contract, but as a civil contract confirmed by a religious sacrament. In this respect the Law of Nations recognises and incorporates in its own code the maxim of the Church,—that those whom "God has joined together" no man shall "put asunder,"—that is to say, it considers marriage indissoluble, except for adultery by sentence of a competent tribunal.

The third principle is, that it is competent for the legislature of every particular country to make laws of regulation for the descent of property and honours, within itself; and the magistrate, as the *pater familias* of his own particular society, may impose such forms and restraints upon the marriage of his subjects as may be deemed necessary for the due order and safety of his own civil institutions. And in order to enforce such regulations, a State may refuse to recognize, and so far as regards the descent of property and honours, it may declare invalid all such marriages as are contrary to its own municipal regulations. But as it is not competent for any particular nation to absolve itself from the law of nations in general,—and as it certainly is not competent for any Christian state to absolve itself from the common law of Christendom, so the law of no particular state, declaring any such marriage invalid for breach of municipal forms and positive regulations, cannot have the effect of altogether annulling such marriage, and bastardizing the issue; but has merely the effect of not recognizing it in its own particular society, and of affixing it to certain disabilities (as to the descent of property and honours,) as a punishment for the breach of its own municipal rules.

Upon the first of these principles, there can be no doubt that the marriage of the Duke of Sussex is a good and valid marriage as regards all FOREIGN countries, and all possessions derived under foreign laws; and that the issue of it are legitimate, and have every right of legitimacy in every other state except England. In any other country the issue of this marriage are unquestionably Princes of the House of Brunswick; and if there be any property or honours belonging to the Duke of Sussex, in any foreign country, the issue of this marriage are entitled to succeed to it in their due line and degree. As regards every foreign country, the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augustus Murray, is good, valid, and indissoluble, and the issue are lawful issue. The restraining law of England has no effect upon such a contract, as regards its being a good and valid marriage by the law of nations.

With respect to the second question, the answer to it is included in the first. The marriage is good, and indissoluble, and the issue lawful, so far as regards every point except the repeal of the disabilities affixed to it by the municipal law of England, upon which we have previously commented: that is to say, except as to the descent of property and honours within the United Kingdom.

Thirdly, with regard to the third question—as it is competent to every particular State to make such laws in restraint of marriage as it may deem its own particular institutions to require, there can be no doubt that the Duke of Sussex and his family are lawfully bound and comprehended within such laws, and are thus, according to those laws, disqualified and disabled from succeeding to property and honours in this country according to the terms of the statute. But such statute has not the effect of annulling the marriage, and bastardising the issue,—but merely of withholding the succession of property and honours, in punishment of the breach of law.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

### THE MIDSHIPMAN'S DEATH.

*From the Atlas.*

This and the following vivid sketches we take from "Tom Cringle's Log," by a writer in Blackwood, whose talents have more than once already ministered to the pleasure of the readers of the Atlas.

* * * The only other midshipman on board the cutter beside young Walcolm, whose miserable death we had witnessed, was a slight delicate little fellow, about fourteen years old, of the name of Duncan; he was the smallest boy of his age I ever saw, and had been badly hurt in repelling the attack of the pirate. His wound was a lacerated puncture in the left shoulder from a boarding-pike, but it appeared to be healing kindly, and for some days we thought he was doing well. However, about five o'clock in the afternoon, before we made Jamaica, the surgeon accosted Mr. Douglas as we were walking the deck together. "I fear little Duncan is going to slip through my fingers after all, sir."—"No!—I thought he had been better." So he was till about noon, when a twitching of the muscles came on, which I fear betokens lock jaw; he wavers, too, now and then, a bad sign of itself where there is a fretting wound."—We went below, where, notwithstanding the wind-sail that was let down close to where his hammock was slung, the heat of the small vessel was suffocating. The large coarse tallow candle in the purser's lantern, that hung beside his shoulder, around which the loath-some cockroaches fluttered like moths in a summer evening, filled the between decks with a rancid oily smell, and with smoke as from a torch, while it ran down and melted like fat before a fire. It cast a dull sickly gleam on the pale face of the brown-haired, girlish-looking lad, as he lay in his narrow hammock. When we entered, an old quarter-master was rubbing his legs, which were jerking about like the limbs of a galvanized frog, while two of the boys held his arms, also violently convulsed. The poor little fellow was crying and sobbing most piteously, but made a strong effort to compose himself and "be a man" when he saw us.—"This is so good of you, Mr. Cringle! you will take charge of my letter to my sister, I know you will?—I say, Anson," to the quarter-master, "do lift me up a little till I try and finish it.—It will be a sore heart to poor Sarah; she has no mother now, nor father, and aunt is not over kind,"—and again he wept bitterly. "Confound this jumping hand, it won't keep steady, all I can do.—I say, Doctor, I sha'nt die this time, shall I?"—"I hope not, my fine little fellow."—"I don't think I shall; I shall live to be a man yet, in spite of that bloody Buccaneer's pike, I know I shall." God help me, the death rattle was already in his throat, and the flame was flickering in the socket; even as he spoke, the muscles of his neck stiffened to such a degree that I thought he was choked, but the violence of the convulsion quickly subsided. "I am done for, Doctor?" he could no longer open his mouth, but spoke through his clenched teeth. "I feel it now!—God Almighty receive my soul and protect my poor sister!" The arch-enemy was indeed advancing to the final struggle, for he now gave a sudden and sharp cry, and stretched out his legs and arms, which instantly became as rigid as marble, and in his agony he turned his face to the side I stood on, but he was no longer sensible. "Sister," he said with difficulty—"Don't let them throw me overboard; there are sharks here."—"Land on the lee-bow,"—sung out the man at the mast-head. The common life sound would not have moved any of us in the routine of duty, but bursting in, under such circumstances, it made us all start, as if it had been something unusual; the dying midshipman heard it, and said calmly—"Land,—I will never see it—But how blue all your lips look.—It is cold, piercing cold, and dark, dark!" Something seemed to rise in his throat, his features sharpened still more, and he tried to gasp, but his clenched teeth prevented him—he was gone.

### PORT IN JAMAICA.

I went on deck with a heavy heart, and, on looking in the direction indicated, I beheld the towering Blue Mountain peak rising high above the horizon, even at the distance of fifty miles, with its outline clear and distinct against the splendid western sky, now gloriously illumined by the light of the set sun. We stood on under easy sail for the night, and next morning when the day broke, we were off the east end of the magnificent island of Jamaica. The stupendous peak now appeared to rise close aboard of us, with a large solitary star sparkling on his forehead, and reared his forest-crowned summit high into the cold blue sky, impending over us in frowning magnificence, while the long dark range of the Blue Mountains, with their outlines hard and clear in the grey light, sloped away on each side of him as if they had been the Giant's shoulders. Great masses of white mist hung on their sides about half way down, but all the valleys and coast as yet slept in the darkness. We could see that the land-wind was blowing strong in shore, from the darker colour of the water, and the speed with which the coasters only distinguishable by their white sails slid along; while astern of us, out at sea, yet within a cable's length, for we had only shot beyond its influence, the prevailing trade-wind blew a smart breeze, coming up strong to a defined line, beyond which and between it, and the influence of the land-wind, there was a belt of dull lead-coloured sea, about half a mile broad, with a long heavy ground swell rolling, but smooth as glass, and without even a ripple on the surface, in the midst of which we lay dead becalmed.

The heavy dew was shaken in large drops out of the wet flapping sails, against which the reef points pattered like hail as the vessel rolled. The decks were wet and slippery, and our jackets saturated with moisture; but we enjoyed the luxury of cold to a degree that made the sea water when dashed about the decks, as they were being holystoned, appear absolutely warm. Presently all nature awoke in its freshness so suddenly, that it looked like a change of scene in a theatre. The sun, as yet set to us, rose to the huge peak, and glanced like lightning on his summit, making it gleam like an amethyst. The clouds on his shaggy ribs rolled upwards, and enveloped his head and shoulders, and were replaced by the thin white mists which ascended from the valleys, forming a fleecy canopy, beneath which appeared hill and dale, woods and cultivated lands, where all had been undistinguishable a minute before, and gushing streams burst from the mountain sides like gouts of froth, marking their course in the level grounds by the vapours they sent up. Then Breere mill-towers burst into light, and cattle mills, with their cone-shaped roofs, and overseers' houses, and water mills, with the white spray falling from the wheels, and sugar-works, with long pennants of white smoke, streaming from the boiling-house chimneys in the morning wind. Immediately after, gangs of negroes were seen at work; loaded wagons, with enormous teams of fourteen to twenty oxen dragging them, rolled along the roads; long strings of mules loaded with canes were threading the fields; dragging vessels were seen to shove out from every cove; the morning song of the black fishermen was heard, while their tiny canoes, like black specks, started up suddenly on all sides of us, as if they had floated from the bottom of the sea; and the smiling scene burst at once, and as if by magic, on us in all its coolness and beauty, under the cheering influence of the rapidly rising sun. We fired a gun, and made the signal for a pilot; upon which a canoe, with three negroes in it, shoved off from a small schooner lying to about a mile to leeward. They were soon

alongside, when one of the three jumped on board. This was the pilot, a slave, as I knew, and, in my innocence, I expected to see something very squalid and miserable, but there was nothing of the kind; for I never in my life saw a more spruce salt water dandy, in a small way. He was well dressed, according to a seaman's notion—clean white trowsers, check shirt, with white lapels, neatly fastened at the throat with a black ribbon, smart straw hat; and altogether he carried an appearance of comfort—I was going to write independence—about him, that I was by no means prepared for. He moved about with a swaggering roll, grinning and laughing with the seamen. "I say, Blackie," said Mr. Douglas,—"John Lodge, massa, if you please, massa; Blackie is not politeful, sir," whereupon he shewed his white teeth again. "Well, well, John Lodge, you are running us in too close surely; and the remark seemed seasonable enough to a stranger, for the rocks on the bold shore were now within half pistol shot.—"Mind your eye," shouted old Anson. "You will have us ashore, you black rascal?"—"You, sir, what water have you here?" sang out Mr. Splinter. "Salt water, massa," rapped out Lodge, fairly dumfounded by such a volley of questions—"You hab six fadom good here, massa;" but suspecting he had gone too far—"I take de Tonnant, big ship as him is, close to dat reef, sir, you might have jump ashore, so you need not frighten for yo'r leetle dish of a hooker; beside, massa, my character is at stake, you know"—then another grin and low. There was no use in being angry with the poor fellow, so he was allowed to have his own way until we anchored in the evening at Port Royal. The morning after we arrived, I went ashore with a boat's crew to perform the magnanimous operation of cutting grooms; we pulled ashore for Green Bay, under the guns of the Twelve Apostles—a heavy battery of twelve cannon, where there is a tombstone with an inscription, setting forth that the party over whom it was erected, had been actually swallowed up in the great earthquake that destroyed the opposite town, but subsequently disgorged again; being perchance, an unseemly morsel

We approached the beach—"Oars"—the men laid them in. "What sort of nuts be them, Peter Combings?" said the coxswain to a new hand who had been lately impressed, and was now standing at the bow ready to fend off.

Peter broke off one of the branches from the bush nearest him.—"Smite my timbers, do the trees here bear shellfish?" The tide in the Gulf of Mexico does not ebb and flow above two feet, except at the springs, and the ends of the drooping branches of the mangrove trees, that here cover the shore, are clustered, within the wash of the water, with a small well flavoured oyster. The first thing the seamen did when they got ashore, was to fasten an oakum tail to the rump of one of the most lubberly of the cutter's crew; they then gave him ten yards law, when they started in chase, shouting amongst the bushes, and switching each other like the veriest schoolboys. I had walked some distance along the beach, pelting the amphibious little creatures, half crab, half lobster, called soldiers, which kept shouldering their large claws, and running out and in their little burrows, as the small ripple twinkled on the sand in the rising sun, when two men-of-wars' boats, each with three officers in the stern, suddenly pulled round a little promontory that intercepted my view ahead. Being somewhat out of the line of my duty, so far from my boat, I squatted amongst the brushwood, thinking they would pass by! but, as fate would have it, they pulled directly for the place where I was ensconced, beached their boats, and jumped on shore. "Here's a mess," thought I.

## NAVAL DUEL.

I soon made out that one of the officers was Captain Pinkem of the Flash, and that the parties saluted each other with that stern courtesy, which augured no good. 'So, so my masters, not enough of fighting on the coast of America, but you must have a little private defacing of God's image amongst yourselves!' Pinkem spoke first. 'Mr. Clinch,' (I now knew he addressed the first lieutenant of the flag-ship,) 'Mr. Clinch it is not too late to prevent unpleasant consequences: I ask you again, at the eleventh hour, will you make an apology?' He seemed hurried and fidgety in his manner; which rather surprised me, as I knew he was a seasoned hand in these matters, and it contrasted unfavorably with the calm bearing of his antagonist, who by this time had thrown his hat on the ground, and stood with one foot on the handkerchief that marked his position, the distance, twelve paces, having already been measured. By the bye his position was deucedly near in a line with the grey stone behind which I lay hid; nevertheless, the risk I ran did not prevent me noticing that he was very pale, and had much the air of a brave man come to die in a bad cause. He looked upwards for a second or two, and then answered, slowly and distinctly, 'Captain Pinkem, I now repeat what I said before; this rencontre is none of my seeking. You accuse me of having spoken slightingly of you seven years ago, when I was a mere boy. You have the evidence of a gallant officer that I did so, therefore, I may not gainsay it; but of uttering the words imputed to me, I declare, upon my honor, I have no recollection.' He paused. 'That wont do, my fine fellow,' said Pinkem. 'You are unreasonable,' rejoined Clinch, in the same measured tone, 'to expect further *amende* for uttering words which I have no conviction of having spoken; yet, to any other officer in the service would not hesitate to make a more direct apology, but you know your credit as a pistol shot renders this impossible.'

'Sorry for it, Mr. Clinch, sorry for it.' Here the pistols were handed to the principals by their respective seconds. In their attitudes, the proficient and the novice were strikingly contrasted; (by this time I had crept round so as to have a view of both parties, or rather, if the truth must be told, to be out of the line of fire.) Pinkem stood with his side accurately turned towards his antagonist, so as to present the smallest possible surface; his head was, as it struck me, painfully slewed round, with his eye looking steadily at Clinch, over his right shoulder; whilst his arm was brought down close to his thigh, with the cock of the pistol turned outwards, so that his weapon must have covered his opponent by the simple raising of the arm below the elbow. Clinch, on the other hand, stood fronting him, with the whole breadth of his chest; holding his weapon awkwardly across his body, with both hands. Pinkem appeared unwilling to take him at such advantage, for, although violent and headstrong, and but too frequently the slave of his passions, he had some noble traits in his character.

'Turn your feather edge to me, Mr. Clinch; take a fair chance, man.' The lieutenant bowed, and I thought would have spoken, but he was checked by the fear of being thought to fear; however, he took the advice, and in an instant the word was given—'Are you both ready?' 'Yes.' 'Then fire!' Clinch fired without deliberation. I saw him, for my eyes were fixed on him, expecting to see him fall. He stood firm, however, which was more than I did, as at the instant, a piece of the bullion of an epaulet, at first taken for a pellet of baser metal, struck me sharply on the nose, and shook my equanimity confoundedly; at length I turned to look at Pinkem, and there he stood with his arm raised, pistol levelled, but he had not fired. He stood thus whilst I might have counted ten, like a finger-post, then dropping his hand, his weapon went off, but without aim, the bullet striking the sand near his feet, and down he came headlong to the ground. He fell with his face turned towards me, and I shall never forget the horrible expression of it. His healthy complexion had given place to a deadly blue, the eyes were wide open and straining in their sockets, the upper lip was drawn up, showing his teeth in a most frightful grin, the blood gushed from his mouth as if impelled by the strokes of a force pump, while his hands griped and dug into the sand.

Before the sun set, he was a dead man.

'A neat morning's work, gentlemen,' thought I. The two surgeons came up, and opened his dress, felt his pulse, and shook their heads; the boats' crews grouped around them—he was lifted into his gig, the word was given to shove off, and I returned to my broom-cutters.

## THE SEAMAN'S FUNERAL.

When we got on board, the gunner who had the watch was taking his fisherman's walk on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and kept looking steadily at the land, as if to avoid seeing poor little Duncan's coffin, that lay on a grating near the gangway. The crew, who were employed in twenty different ways, repairing damages, were bustling about, laughing, joking, and singing, with small regard to the melancholy object before their eyes, when Mr. Douglas put his head up the ladder—'Now, Transom, if you please.' The old fellow's countenance fell as if his heart was wrung by the order he had to give. 'Aloft there! lie out, you Perkins, and reeve a whip on the starboard yard-arm to lower Mr."——The rest stuck in his throat, and, as if ashamed of his soft-heartedness, he threw as much gruffness as he could into his voice as he sung out—'Beat to quarters there!—knock off, men!' The roll of the drum stayed the confusion and noise of the people at work in an instant, who immediately ranged themselves, in their clean frocks and trowsers, on each side of the quarter-deck. At a given signal, the white deal coffin, wrapped in its befitting pall, the meteor flag of England, swung high above the hammock nettings between us and the clear blue sky, to the long clear note of the boatswain's whistle, which soon ending in a short chirrup, told that it now rested on the thwarts of the boat alongside. We pulled ashore, and it was a sight perchance to move a woman, to see the poor little fellow's hat and bit of a dick lying on his coffin, whilst the body was carried by four ship-boys, the eldest scarcely fourteen. I noticed the tears stand in Anson's eyes as the coffin was lowered into the grave—the boy had been wounded close to him—and when we heard the hollow rattle of the earth on the coffin—an unusual sound to a sailor—he shuddered.—'Yes, Master Cringle,' he said in a whisper, 'he was as kind-hearted, and as brave a lad as ever trod on shoe-leather,—none of the larkings of the men in the clear moonlight nights ever reached the cabin through him,—nor was he the boy to rouse the watch from under the lee of the boats in bad weather, to curry with the lieutenant, while he knew the look outs were as bright as beagles,—and where was the man in our watch that wanted 'bacco while Mr. Duncan had a shiner left?' The poor fellow drew the back of his horny hand across his eyes, and grumbled out as he turned away, 'And here am I, Bill Anson, such a swab as to be ashamed of being sorry for him.'

## LANDING SCENE.

We were now turned over into the receiving ship the old Shark, and fortunately there were captains enough in port to try us for the loss of the Torch, so we got over our courtmartial speedily, and the very day I got back my dirk, the packet brought me out a lieutenant's commission. Being now my own master for a season, I determined to visit some relations I had in the Island, to whom I had never yet been introduced; so I shook hands with old Splinter, packed my kit, and went to the wharf to charter a wherry to carry me up to Kingston. The moment my object was perceived by the black boatmen, I was surrounded by a mob of them pulling and hauling each other, and shouting forth the various qualifications of their boats with such vehemence, that I was nearly deafened. 'Massa no see *Pam be Civil*, sail like a witch, tack like a dolphin?'—'Don't believe him, massa, *Ballahoo* is de boat dat can beat him.'—'Dam lie dat, as I am a gentleman!' roared a ragged black vagabond.—'Come in de *Monkey*, Massa, no dying fis can beat she'—'Don't bodder de gentleman,' yelled a fourth.—'Massa love de *Stamp-and-go*—no, no, Massa,' as he saw me make a step in the direction of his boat. 'Oh yes, get out of de way, you black rascals,'—the fellow was as black as a shoe himself—'make room for me of war bucca; him leetle just now, but will be admiral one day.' So saying, the fellow who had thus appropriated me, without more ado, levelled his head like a battering-ram, and began to batter in breech all who stood in his way. He first ran a tilt against *Pam be Civil*, and shot him like a rocket into the sea; the *Monkey* fared no better; the *Ballahoo* had to swim for it, and having thus opened a way by main force, I at length got safely moored in the stern sheets; but just as we were shoving off, Mr. Callaloo, the clergyman of Port Royal, a tall yellow personage, begged for a passage, and was accordingly taken on board. As it was high water, my boatmen chose the five foot channel, as the boat channel near to Gallows Point is called, by which a long stretch would be saved, and we were cracking on cheerily, my mind full of my recent promotion, when, scur, scur, scur, we stuck fast on the bank. Our black boatmen, being little encumbered with clothes, jumped overboard in a covey like so many wild ducks, shouting, as they dropped into the water, 'We must all get out—we must all get out,' whereupon Mr. Callaloo, a sort of Dominie Sampson in his way, promptly leaped overboard up to his waist in the water. The negroes were thunderstruck. 'Massa Parson Callaloo, you mad surely, you mad!'—'Children, I am not mad, but obedient—you said we must all get out'—— 'To be sure, Massa, and you no see we *all did* get out?' 'And did you not see that I got out too?' rejoined the parson, still in the water. 'Oh, lud, Massa! we no mean you—we meant poor nigger, not white man parson.'—'You said *all*, children, and thereupon I leaped,' pronouncing the last word in two syllables—'be more correct in your grammar next time. The worthy but eccentric old chap then scrambled on board again, amidst the suppressed laughter of the boatmen, and kept his seat, wet clothes and all, until we reached Kingston.

## PHRENOLOGY—SKULL OF EUGENE ARAM.

"Many years since, a gentleman residing in Yorkshire, who was celebrated for his ardor in procuring curiosities, resolved, by one bold achievement, to enrich his museum with a *unique*, which should at once excite the envy, and defy the reach of all less fortunate collectors. The object was attainable by a man of resolution; and on a dark stormy night, the doctor sallied forth from the town of Knaresborough with a ladder on his shoulder, and with the firm purpose of mounting the gibbet and detaching from the iron hoop which bound it the skull of Eugene Aram. The gibbet clung to its own property with wonderful tenacity; and he succeeded in extricating another neck almost at the risk of his own. The skull was for many years the rich jewel of the virtuoso's cabinet; until death, who spares not even friendship, dissolved the intimacy, and sent the doctor to another Golgotha. The skull of Eugene Aram thence came into the possession of a gentleman of great literary and scientific acquirements, residing in the neighbourhood; and in the year 1817, a friend who was on a visit to him from the metropolis, and who had lately been in company with Dr. Spurzheim, introduced in conversation the subject of phrenology; in the course thereof, it recurred to the parties that the doctrine might be put to a very fair test, by submitting to the professor, for his judgment, without comment or information a skull belonging to a well known and remarkable a person. The doctor's consent being obtained, the skull was placed in a box and forwarded to him.

Dr. Spurzheim's reply was given as follows:

23, *Foley place, London, 22d May*, 1817.

My Dear Sir: The parcel containing the skull is arrived; and I am very much obliged for your kind attention to afford me an opportunity of studying man. Only with this view, and not to gratify curiosity, I will mention what I think of the skull, in conformity with our preceding observations. I am, however, always ready to be corrected by new facts.

I do not know how far you are acquainted with the true spirit of our inquiries, since, in the public reports, they have been wilfully misrepresented; I only state, that we cannot distinguish the actions of man, but confine our physiological and philosophical observations to the natural dispositions in healthy brains, without exercise.

The skull resembles that of a woman, and if it belonged to a man, his mind entered into a female habitation. The female had a good share of common sense, without being able to reason deeply; she was pleased with witty, amusing, and superstitious stories, and fond of theatrical performances. She had strong feelings without great hope—a great deal of vanity, attachment, and personal courage; she might have been able to commit an error to please those whom she liked. Example was to her particularly important; she was not indifferent as to sexual intercourse—was more easily guided by soft means and flattering treatment than by command, which revolted her feelings, and would induce her to have recourse to desperate means.

Pray let me hear the name, actions, and character of the person, as far as they are known, in order to confirm, refute, or modify our observations. If natural character prevailed over education, I will take casts of the skull. Meanwhile, I am, with much regard your obliged Spurzheim.

Subjoined is the reply of a professional gentleman of great eminence, who was the channel of communication.

My dear ——, on the other side you have Spurzheim's opinion in detail. It seems well drawn up, and I have nothing to add, except that I think the opinion is warranted by the doctrines of his system. The head seems to be a woman's. Her moral qualities would have been probably sufficient to keep her animal propensities under proper subjection; but her vanity and attachment render her liable to be led astray by bad example; and if she was the wife, or connected with a man, she was probably led into the commission of crime by him. She has a greater degree of courage than is generally seen in female heads. Remember, I am all anxiety to hear the story and character of this individual. Believe me yours, &c.

The contributor of this curious article, moreover, adds that—

Previously to acquainting Spurzheim with the name of the tenant of the skull, he was informed that the one he presumed to be a female was that of a male: he therefore transmitted a letter (unfortunately lost) full of curious remarks upon the skulls of the different great families or tribes of mankind, and pronounced Aram's skull to resemble that of a Celt. It is a singular coincidence, that Aram himself boasts of his Celtic blood. His skull is now in the library of a friend at —— close to Aram in ——shire, or as it is now spelt, Eryholme.

It is also remarkable that he should, in his defence have spoken of the difficulty of distinguishing male from female bones, when his own head was destined to puzzle a professor.

Another extraordinary circumstance alluded to by Aram in his defence—the escape of the prisoner, double ironed, from York Castle—was only cleared up a few years ago by the discovery of a skeleton in irons—*the very irons*—between the two walls, the outer and inner ones of the prison, betwixt which he had doubtless fallen and perished."

## DR. TURNER, LATE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

On the death of Dr. T. and the condition of the Church establishment in India, we make the following extracts from Bell's Weekly Messenger.

"There are of course very scanty materials for the private history of this prelate, whose death in Bengal, as the last prelate out of four, sent from England to India within a few years, has excited so much regret. Dr. Turner was a member of the University of Oxford, and educated, we believe, at Christ Church, from which he was promoted to a benefice in one of our counties. He distinguished himself by some early publications, and doubtless evinced that sincere piety, and that earnest desire for the diffusion of religious knowledge, which pointed him out as a suitable person to be put at the head of the Church in India.

In a late meeting of the India House a proposal was made for enlarging the Episcopal establishment in India, and to render the English Church in that part of our dominions more adequate to the propagation of Christian knowledge. It grieves us to add, that upon one pretext or other, it encountered the usual opposition. It is, indeed, very little to the credit of the East India Company, as a body, that now, and at all other times, they have shown very little sympathy with the interests of Christianity in India, and have at all seasons opposed the efforts of government to spread it in their territories. This system of conduct, if nothing else, leads us to contemplate with some degree of pleasure the proposed revision of their Charter in the ensuing session of Parliament, when we trust the government will avail themselves of the opportunity of making such regulations as will facilitate the much desired object—of bringing an idolatrous people to the knowledge of Christian truth.

India has already witnessed the death of four eminent bishops, entirely owing to the arduous duties attending the due discharge of the episcopal office, in a country where the diocese committed to a prelate's superintendence is six thousand miles in extent. Middleton, Heber, James, and Turner, have successively died within the last sixteen years,—victims to their pious labours. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to appoint a bishop at each of the great settlements in India,—at Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. We owe to India the duty of *attempting* at least to Christianise her. If we cannot beat down her paganism, let us at least edify and preserve, by the episcopal supervision, the Protestant flock scattered through this large portion of the continent of Asia."

[The Right Rev. Bishop died July 7th, of "a general failure of the digestive powers."]

Ancestry.—Sebastiani, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, observed, in the late debate on the Peerage, that the Duke of Montebello had steeped his

patent in his own blood, on twenty fields of battle, before he bequeathed hereditary distinction to his son; "and," added Sebastiani, "let me here relate a brilliant repartee of Massena:—Being in company with a foreign officer, who made much of the name he bore, and trumpeted the exploits of his ancestors to the skies, the Conqueror of Zurich thus greeted the boaster —'You speak the truth, Sir; but for my own part, I intend to become an ancestor myself.'"


# THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1832.


## LAW CASE.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

*Miss Arabella Numps vs. Mr. Jechoniah Dumps.*

This was one of the most deeply interesting cases that ever came before the honorable court. The beautiful and disconsolate Miss Numps was present with her witnesses to obtain redress for a most wilful and outrageous violation of a sacred promise—or one which should have been sacred—to lead her to the altar, to take her for better or for worse—in a word, to change N into D, and thus make her Dumps instead of Numps. Her appearance in court produced a sensation. All eyes were turned to the place where she sat. Her commanding figure, though a little bent with grief, made her conspicuous above the crowd. Six feet one cannot be hid under a bushel; and Miss Numps, shrinking as she naturally did from the public gaze, became the observed of all observers.

The public indignation, even before the trial commenced, was raised to the highest pitch by the bare contemplation of such unheard of villany, such deliberate baseness, as that man must have been guilty of who could desert such unparalleled loveliness. There sat Mr. Dumps—a little stumpy figure, four feet eleven—with a face as cold as ice, and a heart three times colder. He sat apparently unmoved and unconcerned. He turned a quid of tobacco in his jaw with prodigious nonchalance; and as the injured Miss Numps held a white handkerchief feelingly before her eyes, he looked as though he didn't care a d—n for eyes, Miss Numps, handkerchief and all.

The counsel at length opened for the plaintiff. He stated this to be one of the most aggravating cases that had ever come before that honorable court. His client, the beautiful and injured Miss Numps, confiding in the promises and the protestations of the gay and perfidious Mr. Dumps, had given him her heart, and only expected his hand in return—which hand he had over and over again sworn should be hers and no other woman's. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, however, the base and perfidious man had forgotten his promise, so repeatedly and solemnly given, and instead of marrying his client, the amiable and interesting Miss Numps, had given his hand to another woman. The present suit then was brought to recover damages of the said unprincipled and heartless Mr. Dumps, for the violation of his engagement to the lovely and disconsolate Miss Numps.

At this eloquent opening, enforced as it was by the voice and gestures of the learned counsel, the audience were nearly ready to rise in a sudden flood of mutiny, as Mark Antony has it, and hurl the unfeeling Mr. Dumps out of court, out of society, and out of the world.

"D—n him!" said one—"such a little stumpy devil as he presume to break his promise to a woman six feet high! He ought to be shot."

"Shooting is too good," said another—"he ought to be drawn and quartered."

"Quartered!" exclaimed the first—"there aint a quarter of him all."

What more would have been said, is uncertain, for the sheriff and constables at length, after making a great deal of noise themselves, reduced the crowd to silence.

The damages were laid at $3000. The wound in the heart of the fair plaintiff, as her counsel declared, had been a very great one, and could not be closed with a less sum than the one for which the action was brought. He now proceeded to call the witnesses in her behalf.

*Mrs. Tabitha Teapot*, being sworn, testified, that she had known the plaintiff for upwards of a year, during which time she had resided at her house.

*Question by the Court.* In what capacity, Mrs. Teapot?

*Witness.* A potwalloper.

*Court.* What sort of a walloper may that be, madam?

*Witness.* What sort of a one?

*Court.* Yes. In law matters it is necessary to be very particular in defining the terms we make use of. To wallop means to beat, cuff, kick, thrash, and knock about. Now does the court understand you to say, that Miss Numps, the plaintiff, while in your house, discharged the office of beating, cuffing, kicking, thrashing, and knocking about, the pots, kettles, spiders, pans, griddles, et cetera, et cetera, and so on, and so forth? State to the Court and Jury plainly your impressions on this subject.

Here the defendant's counsel arose and said, that the impressions of the witness were not to be allowed in evidence; that she must state what she knew, and not every notion, vagary, or opinion that might come into her head. He was answered by the plaintiff's counsel; and a learned argument took place pro and con. The impressions of the witness were finally ruled out, and Mrs. Teapot proceeded with her testimony.

During the time Miss Numps had lived at her house, the defendant had been in the habit of visiting there, sometimes oftener, and sometimes less often, according to circumstances.

*Court.* What circumstances do you mean?

*Witness.* Why, the circumstances of the case.

*Court.* Very well, proceed.

*Witness.* He soon became very thick with the girl—

*Court.* Thick! What do you understand by that term? The defendant is a thick, short, quoddy man; but do I understand you to say that he grew thicker, shorter, and quoddier, in consequence of being frequently in your kitchen?

*Witness.* What I mean is, that he soon became very intimate with the girl, talking, laughing, casting sheep's eyes, and the like.

*Court.* What do you mean by sheep's eyes.

*Witness.* I thought nobody was such a sheep as not to understand that.

*Court.* No disrespect to the Court, Mrs. Teapot. You must answer in direct terms and in respectful language. You say the defendant cast sheep's eyes?

*Witness.* To be sure he did.

*Court.* Were those the eyes of the natural sheep —*oris blatans cum woolibus.*

*Witness. Ovis blatans cum dog's-tail!* I know nothing about your Latin, and such outlandish nonsense.

*Court.* Be careful how you answer the Court, Mrs. Teapot. If you don't understand the question, say so in respectful terms. By the *oris blatans cum woolibus*, I mean the four-legged sheep that wears wool. When you say the defendant cast sheep's eyes, do you mean that he flung or threw about him the real eyes of the real sheep?

*Witness.* They were sheepish enough, in all conscience, to be real.

*Court.* They were then the natural eyes of the natural sheep, were they? and if so, what kind of sheep—what variety—what species? Were they merino, or Saxony, or broad-tailed, or native? State what you know on the subject.

*Witness.* I know you're very wide from the mark. I said nothing about sheep, but merely sheep's eyes.

*Court.* How could there be sheep's eyes, without there being, or having been, sheep?

*Witness.* I don't know how it could be, but I'm sure it was so.

*Court.* How are you sure?

*Witness.* I saw them.

*Court.* Did he take them from his pocket? And if so, which pocket, the right or the left—the coat or the waistcoat, or the unmentionables? State all you know on this point, and moreover what was the color of the eyes—whether blue, black, grey, or hazel?

*Witness.* (*Looking round to the defendant.*) Here they are, and you can judge as well as I what the color is.

The Honorable Court stared, and seemed to have caught a new idea; when the plaintiff's counsel said, with a polite bow—

Your Honor seems to have been more conversant with the sober, dignified, and weighty science of the law, than with the sly and cunning arts of Cupid. By sheep's eyes, I take it, the witness means nothing more nor less than the veritable eyes of the defendant, Mr. Jechoniah Dumps, who now sits before your Honor. It is not the nature of the eyes, but the peculiar mode of using them, to which the witness has reference—the turning, rolling, glancing, and moving about in the socket—or, to use the classical language of which your Honor is so fond, the *modus movendi, rollendi, et glancendi*, of the eyes of the lover towards his mistress, which, in the vocabulary of Cupid, is called, denominated and expressed, by the phrase of casting sheep's eyes.

Here the defendant's counsel arose and protested against this putting a meaning into the mouth of the witness. It was contrary to all fair and legal proceeding. If the witness had any meaning, she could express it herself; if she had not, it was no part of the business of the counsel to undertake to put a meaning into her head.

*Witness.* A meaning into my head! I defy you or any other man to undertake to put a meaning into my head.

*Court.* Order! order!

*Witness.* I know what I know without any teaching.

*Court.* Very well. Now proceed with your evidence. The defendant you say cast sheep's eyes. At whom did he cast them?

*Witness.* At the girl to be sure.

*Court.* Well, proceed, and tell all you know.

*Witness.* Besides casting sheep's eyes, I more than once caught him whispering to her in a very suspicious manner.

*Pl. Counsel.* What did he say?

*Witness.* That's more than I can tell; but he whispered in a very suspicious manner.

*Pl. Counsel.* Did he talk about love, and matrimony, and such like tender subjects?

*Witness.* I can't say he did, but he whispered very suspiciously.

*Court.* Which ear did he whisper into—the right or the left?

*Witness.* Both, I believe.

*Court.* Did she *incline* to hear him?

*Pl. Counsel.* [*To the Court, in a low tone.*] Good! good! Your Honor is inclined to be facetious. An excellent pun that.

*Court.* [*To Pl. Counsel.*] I was pretty good at those things in my day. [*To Witness.*] Did I understand you that the plaintiff inclined to hear the defendant?

*Witness.* I thought so. She bent down her head a good deal who never he spoke to her.

*Pl. Counsel.* Did they appear to be very fond of each other?

*Witness.* I should think so. He often gave her kisses.

At the mention of this word, a titter ran through the audience, and the amiable and modest plaintiff held down her head, and pressed her handkerchief more closely than ever to her face to hide her blushes.

*Court.* Did he presume to kiss her in your presence?

*Witness.* I didn't say he kissed her; I said he gave her kisses.

*Court.* What's the difference? Can a gentleman give a lady kisses, without kissing her? The law is exceedingly nice in its points of distinction; but really, Mrs. Teapot, this looks to me like a distinction without a difference. Explain what you mean.

*Witness.* The defendant sells cakes, candy, and other sweetmeats; and he used to bring his pockets full of kisses, when he came to see the girl.

*Court.* Ah, I understand now—they were sugar kisses—or, in law phrase, *saccharum kissandi.*

*Pl. Counsel.* Is it not more than probable that he won the plaintiff's affections by these sweet testimonials of love?

*Def. Counsel.* I protest against this sort of evidence. It is not probabilities, but facts that we require of the witness.

*Court.* State what you know, Mrs. Teapot.

*Witness.* I've told you all I know.

*Pl. Counsel.* Didn't you ever see Mr. Dumps bestow any other kisses upon the plaintiff, except those made, wrought, and concocted out of sugar?

*Witness.* I can't say that I ever *saw* him—though, if I mistake not, I *heard* him one evening.

*Pl. Counsel.* How did it sound?

*Witness.* It cracked like a bottle of spruce beer.

Here the plaintiff's counsel, saying he had no more questions to ask of the witness, the counsel for the defendant commenced the cross-examination.

*Def. Counsel.* How long was Mr. Dumps in the habit of visiting at your house?

*Witness.* For a great part of a year more or less.

*Def. Counsel.* Had you any other girls at your house?

*Witness.* Yes, there was Peggy Stubbs there.

*Def. Counsel.* Didn't the defendant pay the same attention to Peggy Stubbs that he did to Miss Numps?

*Witness.* Why, as to that, he wasn't at all particular.

*Def. Counsel.* Didn't you ever perceive that the plaintiff was jealous on account of the defendant's attentions to Peggy Stubbs?

*Witness.* I caught her boxing his ears once.

*Def. Counsel.* Did she put it on for good?

*Witness.* I don't know whether it was for good, bad, or indifferent—but she made them sound like a drum-head.

*Court.* What sort of a drum-head?

*Witness.* What sort of a drum-head is a drum-head?

*Court.* That's the question—or rather, the question is as to the particular drum head you mean. There's the military drum head and the piscacious drum-head —the drum-head *a la militaire*, and the drum-head *a la fish.*

*Witness.* I don't mean a fish, but a drum such as the military uses.

*Def. Counsel.* What time of day did the defendant usually visit at your house?

*Witness.* In the evening.

*Def. Counsel.* Where was he when he cast sheep's eyes at Miss Numps?

*Witness.* In the kitchen.

*Def. Counsel.* Was it light or dark?

*Witness.* Neither one nor 'tother exactly.

*Def. Counsel.* Are you a widow, Mrs. Teapot?

*Witness.* If I am, you won't be any the better for it.

*Def. Counsel.* I didn't expect it. My reason for asking the question was, that possibly the sheep's eyes and other demonstrations might have been intended for you.

*Witness.* For me! Little Dumps cast sheep's eyes at me! He'd sooner dare be hanged than to look at me; and you're an unmannerly, impertinent puppy for hinting at such a thing.

*Court.* Order! order!

*Pl. Counsel.* I beg the counsel for the defendant will confine himself to the case in point.

*Def. Counsel.* Mrs. Teapot, how can you tell when a gentleman is casting sheep's eyes at a lady?

*Witness.* By his looks. Any fool may know that.

*Def. Counsel.* Does Mr. Dumps sell spruce beer as well as cakes, candy, and kisses?

*Witness.* I believe so.

*Def. Counsel.* Were you in the kitchen, when you suppose you heard the kiss which you say sounded so cracklingly?

*Witness.* No, I was above stairs.

*Def. Counsel.* Might it not have been a bottle of spruce beer.

*Witness.* Do you think I'm such a fool that I can't tell the difference.

*Def. Counsel.* It's the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken, Mrs. Teapot.

Here the cross-examination closed. Some other witnesses were examined for the plaintiff; but their testimony did not materially vary from that above stated. The unprincipled and treacherous Mr. Dumps was proved to have given his hand to another woman; and as he had no testimony, or disdained to offer any, to combat the evidence on the part of the fair plaintiff, the counsel proceeded to sum up.

All ears were open, all mouths were shut, all feet were still, and a feather might have been heard to drop, while the plaintiff's counsel electrified the Court, the Jury, and the people with his eloquence. He drew a glowing picture of the unheard of baseness, the unparalleled villany, the unprovoked treachery of the defendant. He commented with due severity on the unpardonable stumpiness of his person; and appealed to the Jury, whether, in this free country, a man of four feet eleven, could be allowed with impunity to break his promise to a lady of six feet one? After repeated bursts of eloquence, he thus closed:—"Finally, gentlemen of the Jury, if such an apology for a man, as you see here before you, may be allowed to sport with the feelings and trifle with the affections of our sisters and our daughters, then is there no law in the land, then are our courts a nullity, then is justice a byeword, then are our rights and privileges a mockery, then is the whole constitution of society broken up and destroyed."

The counsel for the defendant made a very ingenious plea. But it was like rowing against wind and tide. It was evident he had the feelings of the Bench, the Jury, and the people against him.

The charge of the Judge was most able, feeling, and luminous. He set the strong points of the testimony in the clearest light before the Jury. Especially did he dwell on that part of the evidence which related to the sheep's eyes; and he concluded by informing the Jury, that there could be no manner of doubt to which side the verdict should be given, the promise of marriage being proved beyond all controversy. As to the amount of damages, he left that to the discretion of the Jury, just observing, however, that in his opinion it had been laid quite too low considering the aggravated nature of the offence.

The Jury decided without leaving their seats, giving the full amount of damages demanded by the plaintiff—viz. $3000.

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We make one more extract from SPECULATIONS ON THE COMET, just published in this city. It is a sketch of a debate in a

## "PUBLIC MEETING.

"In the course of my rambles, I happened in where a large crowd of people were assembled together in one of the principal halls of this city. They were evidently engaged in discussing some affair of public importance; and I presently learned it was no less a subject than the comet. There were many flaming speeches uttered.

"It is our right, as well as our duty," said one, "to meet together for the discussion of matters of public importance. As free citizens of this great republic, we must guard against all threatened evils, as well from without as within. (*Bravo! Bravo!*) You all know we are assembled, on the present occasion, to suggest some measures relative to the expected dan-

sion of our country by the comet. We are informed, on good authority, that this flaming enemy is already on his march, with the most rapid strides to attack us. We are not yet, however, positively certified in what manner the attack will be made; whether by dashing the whole Atlantic Ocean upon us with one mighty sweep of his tail; whether by shaking deadly pestilence from that dangerous appendage; or whether, lastly, by producing a destructive conflagration in the manner of Samson's three hundred foxes, when they ran blazing through the fields of ripe corn, belonging to the Philistines, and destroyed every grain of it, root and branch. If any gentleman present can enlighten the meeting on this point, I shall be pleased to hear his ideas on the subject." Thus saying, he sat down amidst the applauses of the multitude.

He was no sooner in his seat, than several others rose to speak; and a scene of great confusion followed. Each claimed the floor; but as all could not well be heard at once, it was finally decided in favor of one, who began by saying that he was altogether unaccustomed to address a public body, and especially one so august and enlightened as the present. (*Bravo! bravo!*) "Nevertheless," continued he, "as a citizen of this free republic, I must declare—nay, I will make bold to declare—that this threatened invasion of the liberty and independence of our country, is the most unprovoked and unheard of aggression, to be found in the whole annals of history. (*Brave! brave!*) What has this nation done—what could it have done, powerful as it is, to provoke the rage of our fiery enemy? As to the precise mode of his attack, I must confess I am as much in the dark as the gentleman last up. That the danger is imminent, seems to be agreed on all hands; and that something must be done, is a case clear as noon-day. But what that something is to be, that is the question. It is a subject that we have never before been called upon to discuss; and I must own, for one, that I should be glad of a little more light on the subject."

"There," said a third, "I agree with the last speaker, that it is an exceedingly difficult question to manage. We have to take it up *de novo*, as it were. We have no precedent for our guide; we have no records of any similar case in this or any other country. This is the first instance of a meeting ever having been convened to discuss so important a subject as defence against an invading comet. (*Bravo! bravo!*) For my part, I think we ought to petition Congress immediately on the subject; and solicit them to take such *instant* measures for the security of the country as they in their wisdom shall see fit."

"Bravo! bravo! I second the motion," resounded from several voices.

"Before the question is taken," said a fourth, "I beg leave to make a few observations. I agree with the gentleman last up, that we should immediately petition Congress. But I would go still further, and take the liberty to suggest to that honorable body, that the nation should be put in an immediate state of defence; that a hundred thousand militia should be drafted, ready to take the field at a minute's warning."

"D—n the militia!" said a voice in the crowd; "there's no dependence upon 'em."

"The militia go to the devil!" roared a second voice; "we must raise a regular army."

A fifth gentleman now arose, and said—"I am in favor of the sentiments last uttered; though I cannot see the face of the speaker, I entirely approve of his words. I think we ought to take the most active measures; that we should not even wait for the threatened invasion; but boldly carry the war into the enemy's country." (*Bravo! bravo! and immense applause.*)

As soon as the shouts subsided, a gentleman with a grave countenance arose, and said, that in his opinion a more peaceful course would be preferable. "Let government be petitioned," said he, "to send out an Extraordinary Minister, to try what can be done by negociation."

"Hang negociation!" exclaimed another. "I'm for warlike measures."

"No negociation! no negociation!" was fiercely roared out on all sides; and the war men seemed likely to carry the day, when a gentleman of the legal profession arose and said—

"In my opinion, fellow-citizens, we are not pursuing the right course in relation to this business. I should prefer adopting legal measures, rather than warlike; and I would recommend that we should apply to the proper authorities for an immediate injunction to be laid on the comet."

As he finished, another gentleman arose, whom, by his corporation, I took to be an alderman. He differed from all the rest in relation to the proper measures to be adopted. He was in favor of laying the comet under quarantine.

In fine, many sage proposals were put forth, and many glowing specimens of eloquence produced. But the war party carried the day; and it was voted by a great majority that Congress should be immediately petitioned to declare war against the comet, to prevent the comet from making war upon us."

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The Cholera too Slow!—We learn from a London paper that a poor man, who had the cholera, at Haddington, has been buried alive. Taking it for granted that he was dead, or ought to be, his relations, according to a general order, proceeded to lay him out. After being shrouded for a short time, he threw his grave-clothes from him by a sweep of his arm. But no notice was taken of this. A few boards were huddled together for a coffin; he was huddled into it; and the whole was huddled into the earth. How savage does the alarm of a dangerous epidemic render the human species! All kindred affection seems to become extinct; and a man will sacrifice all his relations and friends to preserve his own worthless life.

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How to Quell a Riot in a Theatre.—Louis Bonaparte, who was distinguished for his humanity, said:—"For my part I cannot see why bayonets should be employed to quell every petty tumult in a play-house. To put an end to them, artificial shower baths should be placed in the ceiling over the pit, to give it a sprinkling when too noisy." We would recommend this cooling method to the managers of theatres in our own country.

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Lacon.—We have before us a beautiful edition of Lacon, just published by *C. P. Fessenden* of this city. It is in two volumes, handsomely stereotyped, printed on fine paper, and elegantly bound. The numerous errors to be found in the former American editions are corrected in this; and the Latin quotations are translated, and placed in the form of notes at the bottom of each page. Of the value of a work so well known, we need say no more, than that it should have a place in every person's library; and the present edition, from its beauty and correctness, especially deserves that place.

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Affection for those that need it.—It has been observed of mothers, that they always show the most affection for such of their offspring as happen to be the most imbecile; insomuch that, if there be an idiot in the family, he is, above all others, the mother's favorite. If this be true, it must be on the principle ascribed in Lacon to Dame Fortune, "who," says the author of that work, "has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused sf blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves."

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Evelina.—The Library of Select Novels, published by J. & J. Harper, has been enriched by the addition of Evelina, which forms the XXI. and XXII. volumes. It is one of those popular and standard works which has long since received the meed of public approbation. Miss Burney, now Madame D'Arblay, is well known for her natural and pleasing descriptions of life and manners, as displayed not only in Evelina, but Cecilia, Camilla, and the Wanderer.

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Another Anderson Riot.—Certain patriotic persons have sworn in their wrath that they will not hear the unlucky Anderson nor let any body else; and it seems something worse than a futile attempt to bring him before an American audience. His late humble confession, penitence, and promise of amendment did not serve. Some wiseacres declared it was all a trick to gull the people, and come Paddy over the Yankees; and that, after he had thus ramfoozled them, and got away their money, he would go home and boast to John Bull what a fool he had made of Brother Jonathan. Others said he was too abject; that he had rendered himself contemptible by his apology, and therefore ought not to be heard. Flaming handbills had also been circulated against his appearance.

Thus prepared, on Monday evening, a great crowd repaired to the Richmond-Hill Theatre. Anderson was not to appear that night; but the voice of the audience was to be taken as to his future appearance. A majority were decidedly in his favor. But there was opposition and noise inside; and a prodigious crowd collected outside. Breaking windows and lamps is always fine sport for the rabble; and, true to their taste for this kind of mischief, at it they went, with clubs and stones, oyster-shells and brick-bats, until all the day-lights and night-lights were smashed to pieces; after which they retired to sleep over their patriotic exploits and their spirited daring.

The Vice Chancellor had previously granted an injunction against Anderson. We wish he had granted one against the mob, and enforced it.

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Excess of Punishment.—William J. Dunn has been sentenced, in the Court of Sessions, to the state prison for the term of five years, for altering a receipt from *six* to *ten* dollars! This looks to us, and we believe to most other people, like an odious bandying to the wrong side of justice.

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The trial of the persons accused of conspiracy to extort money from the Rev. Dr. Phillips, has been again postponed, on account of the sickness of Margaret Agnew, one of the defendants.

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## NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER X.

La Manege.—I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my resources; on horseback, I always originate my noblest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein and a free bound, and I am Cicero,—Cato,—Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth, which you condemn me to touch; fire, energy, *ethereality* have departed; I am the soil without the sun—the cask without the wine—the garments without the man.—*Pelham.*

Indian Bazars.—It reminds one of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments to go through the Bazar in the evening; the whole front of the shops is taken down and converted into benches, on which the goods are disposed, and each shop is lighted with at least two lamps. Here you see grain of every description heaped up in earthen jars; there, sweetmeats of all sorts and shapes, disposed in piles on benches, or hung in festoons about the top and sides of the shop, which is commonly lined with chintz or dyed cotton. Further on, fruits and vegetable are laid out to the best advantage; then you come to the *paung* or betel leaf, nut and chunam, ready for chewing or the separate materials; beyond are shops for perfumes, linens, oils, toys, brass and earthen ware, all set out in order, and the owner sitting bolt upright in the middle of his sweetmeats or grain, waiting for custom. The shops of the *schroffs* or bankers, are numerous in the bazar; you see the master sitting in the middle of his money-table, surrounded by piles of copper and silver money, with scales for weighing the rupees and other coins presented for change. But it is the barber's shop that is always most crowded, being, particularly at night, the great resort for gossip and news; the barbers themselves seem to enjoy a prescriptive right to be lively, witty, and good story-tellers. I have seen some excellent buffoons among them; and a slap given to a bald new-shaven pate in the proper part of a story, has set the whole bazar in a roar. The barbers keep everybody's holiday, Hindoos, Jews, Mussulmans, Armenians, Portuguese and English, and reap a good harvest at each by their comic way of begging.—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

Earl of Pembroke.—He was able in the cabinet, circumspect in negotiation, and wanting only in experience to be the best admiral in the fleet. He shone in the senate. On the vice-throne (Ireland) he sat with dignity, and governed with prudence. To all this, he in retirement shone pre-eminent; he raised a collection of antiques that were unrivalled by any subject. His learning made him a fit companion for the literati. Wilton will ever be a monument of his extensive knowledge, and the princely presents it contains, of the high estimation in which he was held by foreign potentates, as well as the many monarchs he saw and served at home. He lived rather as a primitive christian; in his behaviour meek; in his dress plain, rather retired, conversing but little. His learning was profound, particularly in mathematics, which tended somewhat to make him speculative and abstracted in his notions. His face was good, his shape but indifferent. Of him Bishop Burnet says, "there was somewhat in his person and manner that created him an universal respect; for we had no man among us whom all sides loved so much as they did him."—*Noble's Contin. Granger's Biog. Hist.*

Voltaire and Baron Gleichen.—In his way to Italy, the Baron stopped at Ferney, and inquired of Voltaire what he should say for him to the Pope?—"His Holiness," replied Voltaire, "favors me with presents of medals, and of indulgences, and even sends me his blessing: but I would rather that Ganganelli would send me the ears of the Grand Inquisitor!" The Baron delivered the message: "Tell him," replied Clement, "that as long as Ganganelli is Pope, the Grand Inquisitor shall have neither ears nor eyes!"—*Diary of an Invalid.*

Promotion.—Louis Barbier owed all his good fortune to the familiar knowledge he had of Rabelais, which he knew by heart. This served to introduce him to the Duke of Orleans, who took great pleasure in reading that author. It was for this that he gave him an abbey; and he was gradually promoted till he became a cardinal.

M. de Chandillart, minister of France, owed his promotion merely to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards. He retired, with a pension, after ruining the finances of his country.

Sir Walter Raleigh's advancement in the graces of Queen Elizabeth, originated in an action of gallantry. He found the Queen walking, and a wet place incommoding her royal footsteps; Raleigh immediately spread his new plush cloak across the miry place. The Queen stepped cautiously on it and passed over dry, but not without a particular observation of him who had given her so eloquent, though silent, a flattery. Shortly after, Captain Raleigh became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the Queen's favor.

Sir Christopher Hattoa was indebted for his preferment, to his dancing. "Queen Elizabeth," observed Dr. Granger, "with all her sagacity, could not see her future Lord Chancellor in the fine dancer."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

House of M. Le Sage.—His house was situated in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, Paris, (then open to the country air). The house was as pretty as it was small; and when in his study he was quite retired from the noise and bustle of the street. The garden was laid out in a neat style; but only the breadth of the house; from which you stepped out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the choicest flowers. From this you went down by a flight of steps on each side into a *berceau*, which led to two rooms, or summer-houses, quite at the end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico, the roof of which was supported with columns, so that he could walk from one to the other, all under cover, in the intervals of writing. It was in the right hand room, in going down, that he wrote *Gil Blas.*—*Spencer's Anecdotes.*

Lotteries.—If the antiquity of a practice could justify its existence, lotteries might claim peculiar reverence. The Romans we find used to enliven their Saturnalia with them, by distributing tickets which gained some prize. Augustus made lotteries which consisted of things of little value. Nero established some for the people, in which one thousand tickets were daily distributed, and several of those who were favored by fortune got rich by them. Heliogabalus invented some very singular, where the prizes were of great value or none at all: one gained a prize of six slaves, another of six flies; some got valuable vases, and others vases of common earth. A lottery of this kind exhibited an excellent picture of the inequality with which fortune distributes her favors. The first lottery that we find in England was in 1659, which, according to Stowe, consisted of 40,000 lots at ten shillings each. The prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of the kingdom; it was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral; began drawing on the 11th January, 1569, and continued incessantly till the 6th May following. The tickets were three years in disposal. In 1612, King James I. granted a lottery to promote the plantation of English colonies in Virginia, which was also drawn at St. Paul's.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Chemical Remedies.—Paracelsus, a celebrated empiric, born in Switzerland about the year 1493, was the first person who used chemical remedies extensively in the cure of diseases. He performed many surprising cures by mercury and opium, the use of which latter drug he had learned in Turkey. Of mercurial preparations the physicians of his time were ignorant, and of opium they were afraid, as being "cold in the fourth degree." Tartar was likewise a great favorite with Paracelsus, who imposed on it that name, "because it contains the water, the salt, the oil, and the acid, which burn the patient as hell does:" in short, a kind of counterbalance to his opium.

Pins and Needles.—Needles, we are assured by Mr. Andrews, in his "History of Britain," had made their appearance among the manufactures which were sold in Cheapside during the reign of Mary. A Spanish negro had made them, but as he refused to discover his art, the nation received little benefit from him.

In 1566, however, the manufacture of needles was again commenced and directed by one Elias Grouse, a German.

The first mention of pins that occurs in the English statute-book, is found in the act of parliament of Richard the Third, A. D. 1483, prohibiting certain foreign manufactures. Soon after which, the art of making them appeared to have been introduced from France. By an act of parliament passed in 1543, the mode of the production was regulated in a particular manner, the pin was ordered "to be double-headed, and to have the head soldered fast to the shank; to be well smoothed, the shank well shaven, and the point and round filed, cauted, and sharpened." But a more ingenious and expeditious manner of making them being introduced, such as is now used, the statute was repealed three years after.

Notwithstanding there is scarcely a commodity cheaper than pins, there is none that passes through more hands before they come to sale. It is reckoned that no less than twenty-five workmen are successively employed on each pin, between the drawing of the brass wire and the sticking of the pin in paper.

## FATE OF MARSHAL NEY.

In connexion with the extract in our last number, the reader will peruse with intcrest the following notice of recent proceedings in the French Chamber of Deputies.

7th Feb.—The civil pensions being under discussion, that granted to *Madame Ney* of $1000 was mentioned, whereupon M. Lafitte said that this pension had been granted during his administration, though without his knowledge or agency, but, added he, "I think I only do justice to the true sentiments of Madame Ney in stating that although she possesses nought but honorable poverty, she would cheerfully renounce her pension." Exclamations from all parts of the Chamber—"She must not renounce it!"

*M. Lafitte.*—She would renounce, I say, her pension to obtain a revision of the assassination of her husband. (Vehement acclamation at the two extremes.)

*The Keeper of the Seals, M. Barthe.*—Marshal Ney was put to death in disregard of a capitulation. (Voices from the extremes.) Say boldly that he was assassinated.

*M. Barthe.*—It was the duty of France to take care of his widow. (Voices from the right.) That is not enough; there must also be a revision of his iniquitous sentence.

*M. Barthe.*—The hon. Speaker who last addressed you said Madame Ney would cheerfully renounce her pension to obtain a revision of the proceedings against her husband. I will make some explanations on this grave question. (Hear, hear.) A request to this effect was presented to the government, and has been the object of religious attention on its part. A decision is about to be made; this Chamber will be informed of its result, since the question has been started here. We all deplore the death of Marshal Ney, executed in contempt of a capitulation; but can we go beyond what is legal and violate existing laws? (Violent murmurs at the extremes.) *Many Voices.*—You equivocate, you are afraid of offending the Holy Alliance.

*M. Barthe.*—It is under the influence of such sentiments that it would be easy for a government to take from nations all the guarantees they ought to respect: the death of *Labedoyere*, of *Drouet*, and of *Ney* is already judged by history. (M. de Corcelles:—You are afraid of the Holy Alliance—violent explosion—Cries of order, order, and a long interruption.)

*M. Barthe.*—Gentlemen, the interruption of M. de Corcelles, would, I confess, surprise me, if I were not obliged to recognize in his habitual interruptions, a degree of exaggeration which all must deplore. He is mistaken—in the case submitted to government there is but one question.

Can it be done according to law? If not, nothing on earth can induce us to deviate from the law. But talk not of the Holy Alliance: it is to insult us.—[Bravo.] I think I understand liberty better than you; and never shall we ask instruction either of emigrants or foreigners, in the discharge of our duties at home. But the question is a grave one. The government deeply partakes of the interest inspired by an illustrious and unfortunate family; but aside of this interest, inspired by great calamities, is the law, is respect for what belongs to the thing adjudged. The government has not felt at liberty to depart from this respect. The future perhaps may one day give us a greater latitude.—*Tr. by Amer.*

## THE SUMMER FETE.

"*A Poem with songs,*" *by Thos. Moore.*

"Every body has, by this time, made a point of forgetting the most memorable of modern Fetes—that of Boyle Farm—which happened some eight or ten centuries (or seasons) back. But the waters of Lethe cannot resist the potent influence of such poetry as Mr. Moore's; and the consequence is, that the said Fete is destined to be revived (in the very depth, too, of a Reform winter), and not only

'Live in Little's numbers one year more,'

but in the hearts and on the tongues, not merely of all those who assisted at it, but all who might, would, could, or should have been so blest, had it happened in this our own day.

All that is needed by way of introduction to our extracts is, to state that the 'Summer Fete' takes that of Boyle Farm for its foundation merely, and moulds from it a little narrative of an imaginary scene of a similar kind, in which are interspersed numerous songs, of which we are furnished with music as well as words—though the words of Moore's songs, when written, as these are, really *con amore*, (we deprecate the pun,) almost render the addition of music a work of supererogation—a painting of the lily and perfuming the violet.

Here is the opening of this pretty affair—than which Mr. Moore himself has never produced anything more happy;—and for this reason, that he never chose a subject more happily adapted to his sparkling and holiday powers.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days,
That once inspired the poet's lays?
Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—
Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,
Whose only unmocking trace remains
In watering pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that Fete
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peeped with the other at the sky,—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.
Faint were her hopes, for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour;
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph, now nestling there,—
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine,—
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame.

But, oh! the light, th' unhoped-for light
That now allum'd this morning heaven!
Up sprang Iantha at the sight,
The sight—hark! the clocks but strike eleven,
And early did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

* * * * * *

What must it be—if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of harem beauties, on he goes,
A lover, loved for e'en the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes—
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright,
By which that fingering river roams—
The fete is to be held to-night—
That fete already linked to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight,
When, looked for long, at last they came,
Seemed circled with a fairy light—
That fete to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank, and power—
From the young spinster, just come *out*,
To the old premier, too long *in*—
From legs of far-descended gout,
To the last new-mustachioed chin—
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Gay atoms, which, together hurled,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls "the world."

* * * * * *

Even parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate finishers of prose
Being all called to—prose elsewhere.

Having been introduced to the nymph at her toilet, we there meet with her younger sister, who is not yet *out*, and to whom, therefore, Boyle Farm is sealed fountains. Not the less, however, is she disposed to carol her sweet lays, while her sister is occupied in making the harmony of her curls correspond with the melody of her countenance. She accordingly sings the following

### SONG.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The Sun's below, the Moon's above,
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The Sun's below, the Moon's above,
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

II.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, wherc'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the rose whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven,
To boast but one so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The Sun's below, the Moon's above,
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

III.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through pleasing circles hie thee,
And hearts, wherein thy footsteps move,
Will beat when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through pleasing circles hie thee,
And hearts, wherein thy footsteps move,
Will beat when they come nigh thee.

Everybody knows that the Boyle Farm Fete was not exactly a masked, but a 'Fancy' one—the forms of the fair frequenters of it were disguished in fashions unknown to Herbault and Maradan, but their faces were *au naturel*.

Accordingly, with gay sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves, whom Love would buy
Half his maternal realms to ransom—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome—
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the Arcade-ian shades,
And fortune-tellers—rich, 'twas plain,
As fortune-*hunters* formed their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
Were mixed no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look even more than usual killing—
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious—
Grave Friars, (staunch No Popery men,)
In close combat with Whig Cacigues;
And M.P. Turks, all Moslem then,
Who last night voted for the Greeks.

But where is she—the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error?

* * * * * *

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light;—
For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledged in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow—
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (tho' few would think it),
And sparkles thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!
But, hark! some song hath caught her ear!

* * * * * *

From a male group the carol came—
A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;
And one, who, from his youth's and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while to his lay,
Less and still less, like dying day,
The flask's rich radiance ebbed away.

Here is the song, and a delightful one it is, in its dancing way—[*Court Journal.*]

### SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But, as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear,—
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan:
But as we are *not* sages—why, send the cup round—
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offered, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind:
But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are *not* Angels, why let the flask fly—
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

[The author can still be a *Little Moorish.*]

## THE AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

Italy has probably produced more of that distinctive quality called genius, than any other nation of Europe. What she was in the days of antiquity we scarcely know, farther than she was mistress of the world. Greece seems then to have borne away the prize of *genius*. But, before the question can be decided, we must remember that ancient Greece was exactly in the circumstances which are most favourable to the expansion of the intellect, while ancient Rome, from the time when she was relieved from the pressure of perpetual war, was exactly in the circumstances most unfavourable to that expansion;—that Greece was a group of republics, which even, when under the dominion of Rome, were less enslaved than tranquillized, while Italy was a solid despotism, shaken only by civil wars, which at once rivetted the fetters of the despotism, impoverished the nobles, and corrupted the people.

But on the revival of Europe from the ruin and the sleep of the dark ages, Italy was placed under the original circumstances of Greece: the land was a group of republics; all was sudden opulence, wild liberty, and fiery enthusiasm. She became first the merchant, then the warrior, of Europe; then the poet, then the painter, of the world. From that period she was the universal school of the arts, those higher arts which regulate and raise the character of mankind, government, political knowledge, law, theology, poetry, not less than those graceful arts which soothe or decorate human life; her music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the dance, were unrivalled. In all periods, when a science had grown old, and the world began to look upon it as exhausted, Italy threw a new stream of life into it, and it began its career again for new triumphs. An Italian revived geography by the discovery of a new hemisphere, and revived astronomy by giving us the telescope, and throwing open the gates of the starry world. An Italian awoke us to a new knowledge of the mechanism of nature by the air-pump, the barometer, and the pendulum. An Italian made architecture a new attribute of man, by hanging the dome of St. Peter's in the air. An Italian made the wonders of ancient painting credible by surpassing them, and giving to mankind an art which now can never die. While Italy continued a warring nation, all the great leaders of the European armies were either Italians or the pupils of Italy. The Sforza, Castruccio, Parma, Montecuculi, were the very lights of martial science; and who was the subverter of Europe and its kings in our own day? who was the inventor of a new art of war, and the terrible realizer of his own fearful but brilliant theory? An Italian!

This universal supremacy in things of the intellect is *genius*. All was original; for genius is originality. All was powerful, practical, and made to impress its character upon the living generation, and the generations to come. For the highest genius is the most practical: genius is no trifler; it may be fastidious; it may love to dream a world of its own; it may look with scorn on the feeble and tardy progress by which humbler powers attain the height which it reaches with a wave of its wing; but when it once comes to its task, and treads the ground, its pressure is felt by the vigour of its tread. It moves direct to its purpose,—its purpose is worthy of its powers; simplicity, strength, and force, are its essence, and it leaves the evidence of its noble interposition, perhaps in the overthrow of kingdoms, perhaps in their renovation, but, in all its acts, leaves the proof of faculties given with the object of changing the direction, or renovating the strength, of the general human mind.

To come to the immediate purpose of the narrative. In the war of the Russians and Imperialists on the Ottoman Porte, which ended with the peace of Orzakow, Dec. 1791, it was remarked that the fortune which had so signally accompanied the Imperialist armies in the earlier parts of the campaign, as signally deserted them towards its close, and that Turkey, which had been saved by little short of miracle from the first incursion of the Austrian army, concluded by not merely repelling those arms, but placing herself in a higher rank than she had held before. The Osmanlis of course attributed this singular change to the protection of their prophet; but those who were unable to lift their eyes to the paradise where he sits on sofas of eternal green velvet, drinking pearl and ruby sherbet, and surrounded by Adalisques surpassing all the Circassians extant, found a sufficient reason in the good fortune which had raised Hassan Caramata from the rank of a camel driver in the camp, to the high and responsible situation of Aga of the Janizaries.

There was but little known of Hassan in his former career, as a matter of course, for Turkey has not yet had among the invaders of its quiet any amateurs in biography, collectors of "secret memoirs," or compilers of autographs. It was taken for granted that he was the son of somebody; and that was enough; but it was seen that he was a capital soldier, and that was more satisfactory to the general interest than if he had his veins incarnadined by the blood of all the Osmans. He had, besides, got a character, which effectually precluded all applications for his history from his own lips. He was not merely one of the best handlers of the scimitar in the dominions of the faith, but one of the most unhesitating in its use. He was known to have cut from the skull to the chin, at a single sweep, one of his own captains, who had ventured to growl at an order in the field; and his habits were of a keen and vindictive vengeance, which above all other things turns the edge of curiosity.

It is perfectly well known that there was no man in the dominions of the Sultan, whom that Sultan so thoroughly feared; yet when Hassan was but a captain of the Delhis of the body-guard, he had established so decided a character for bringing things to a speedy issue with the scimitar or the carbine, that he received plumes, diamonds, and embroidered bridles and saddles without number, under the pretext of his adroitness in riding or javelin-throwing, but, as was well known for his being able to strike off the neck of a bull at a blow, for his being the most unfailing shot in the service, and from, what was more to the purpose, the universal knowledge that an angry glance from the Sultan himself, would have been merely the preliminary to a trial of speed between them, whether the Sultan's Icoglans should first have Hassan's head in a sack or Hassan should have sent an ounce ball through the heart of his angry master. The question was easily settled, for the Sultan must act by proxy, which, however sure, is slow, while Hassan would act in person, which is at once sure and swift. The consequence was, that this fiercest of men and most uncourtly of courtiers was suffered to take his way, treating Sultan and slave with nearly equal want of ceremony, and still, to the universal astonishment, advancing in military rank. It was notorious, too, that he openly scoffed at all accredited modes of rising in the body-guard of any nation under the sun. He neither made a party among the clerks of the Divan, by promising them double allowances when he should be Vizier, nor bribed the Sultanas, nor told fables of his superior officers, nor made a lower salam to the Vizier, the Mufti, or the Capudan Pasha, than to his own Korseruldeer. On the contrary, but a short time before the fight of Tchesme, he had a furious altercation with the Capudan, in the presence of the Sultan himself. He tore the beard and struck off the turban of that fortunate slave and miserable admiral, pronounced that, as he had been a slipper-maker in his youth, he was fit for nothing but to make slippers to the end of his days, struck him with the sheath of his scimitar in the face,

and declared that as surely as he took the command of the Turkish fleet, so surely would he either leave it on a sandbank, or in flames, or in the enemy's hands;—three predictions which were all verified in one fact. For all the world now knows that the Capudan actually first stranded his fleet, saw it strike to the Russian flag, and then saw it burn to cinders on the shores of the memorable bay of Tchesme. The whole assemblage of Pashas round the head of the Moslemans were indignant at this breach of decorum, but silence is the virtue of courts, even in Turkey. They waited for the Sultan's indignation to speak. But it said nothing. And Hassan Caramata quietly stalked through the midst of a hundred and fifty diamond-hilted daggers, and ten thousand carved and filagreed muskets, all thirsting for his blood. Yet neither dagger nor trigger moved. All eyes were fixed on the Sultan, and his were fixed on the towering height and undaunted stride of the Delhi as he moved from the hall. In half an hour after, every Pasha in Constantinople saw, to their utter astonishment, Hassan Caramata, the accursed, the ferocious, galloping along the valley of the Lines, in command of the Sultan's escort, shooting off the necks of bottles as usual with his infallible balls, and throwing the javelin with a force that made competition desperate, and drew loud applause even from the gravity of the Commander of the Faithful himself. This was decisive. The Capudan Pasha put to sea, content with the loss of his beard and turban, provided it were not followed by the loss of the head to which they belonged. The Pashas went back to their governments, to consult the soothsayers on the new kind of magic by which the mightiest of the mighty allowed the meanest of the mean to tear beards and turbans in their presence. But the Vizier instantly sent for the Delhi, complimented him orientally upon the grace of his manners, and the respect for the last of masters, which distinguished him among the children of the Prophet, invested him with a scimitar belt of honor, gave him his favorite charger, and gave into his hand the commission of chief of his body-guard.

Joseph and Catharine had combined to rob the Sultan of whatever they could. Joseph longed for Belgrade, Catharine for Bender; and with a hundred and fifty thousand gallant savages between them, there was a fair prospect of their getting any thing that was to be paid for by blood. Hassan saw the Vizier and the army pass in review before the Sultan. 'The Delhi smiles,' said the Sovereign, 'does he not think the Janizaries invincible?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'They are invincible against every thing but cannon, bayonets, and men. The black beards (the Austrians) will trample them, the yellow beards (the Russians) will trample them. The Vizier will leave every thing behind but his brains, and the troops every thing but their hearts.' The Sultan, with a familiarity extended to no other of his officers, enquired how it was possible to convey either, after leaving the man behind. 'Simply,' said Hassan, 'because no man can lose that which he never possessed.' The answer would have cost the Vizier himself fifty heads if he had them; but Hassan seemed guarded by a spell. The result of his last retort was an instant commission of Aga of the Janizaries.

The prophecy turned out true. The Vizier was beaten on all occasions; the Janizaries were beaten until the sound of an Austrian trumpet sent them flying to all points of the compass. The Russians were raising their batteries against Bender; Cobourg and his chasseurs were carrying off Pashas daily from the suburbs of Belgrade; the war was like a war of sportsmen against the wood-pigeons of Walachia. When suddenly the whole scene changed. Patroles cut off, convoys taken, detached corps of cavalry disappearing as if they had sunk into the earth, excited the utmost astonishment in the combined camp. The soldiers began to think the ghouls and vampires had made a sortie upon them, and that they were fighting with things of the air or the grave. Cobourg proposed a retreat from this perilous ground, but was attacked in that night, and, after a loss of some thousand infantry driven on the road to Transylvania. The Russian general wrote for reinforcements from the frontier garrisons. They marched, but were never heard of. From the time of the famous battle of Forkani, in which the allies cut up the Turkish line, they never gained an advantage. All was famine, flight, loss and woe. The secret came out at last. The Vizier still commanded, but his age was venerable, and he had given up all duties but those of smoking his calaun, and perfuming his beard. His asthma disqualified him for the open air, and he consequently regulated the affairs of war and peace, asleep and awake, on his sofa, and with as much dexterity at one time as at another. But Caramata was in the field. The Delhi had brought some corps of his favorite troops with him, and, what was better, he had brought the Delhi spirit with his troops. Before a month was past, every Delhi was as eager for a trial of his scimitar on the Austrian helmets as if he had ate nothing but opium from the beginning of the campaign. The Janizaries brightened their kettles anew, and the sight of the horsetail was soon a terror to the platoons of the yellow beards. Hassan was still the same gloomy, solitary, and incomprehensible being; more sarcastic than ever, and more ferocious in quarters, in camp, and in the field. He had but one punishment for all offences—the edge of the scimitar. 'We come to the field to slaughter men, not to save cowards,' was his expression, when he ordered a troop of his Delhis to ride in upon a regiment of Janizaries that had suffered itself to be surprised. 'You reproached the Turks with cruelty,' said he one day to an Austrian general, who came to propose a cessation of arms, 'but the only difference between us is, that you are hypocrites, and we are not. You call yourselves soldiers, and you murder all that you can; we call ourselves murderers, and we act up to the profession.'

Hassan at least acted up to his word; for on the very night which saw the Austrian return to his Prince with a fierce message of defiance, the whole of the imperial foragers were cut off, and the regiments of hussars which guarded them sent to the right about with such expedition, that they left three fourths of their number under the hoofs of the Saphis' horses.

*(To be continued.)*

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From the Comic Offering.

## MISS BELL.

How oft by punsters have been teased
Poor girls who are thus christen'd,
Obliged to seem most highly pleased,
Although they've scarcely listen'd!

If at a novel e'er we look,
We surely will be blamed;
For when we're seen to ope a book,
We're *blue bells* quickly named!

From church on Sunday if we stay,
We hear from high and low,
"The church affairs must be astray,
The *church bells did not go!*"

If you with peevish folks agree,
'Tis said with, sick'ning grin,
"Whatever is advanced, you see,
*Bell's* certain to *chime in!*"

Some city beau, whom Ma desires
To ring the parlour bell,
Handing a *ring* to *Miss*, inquires,
"Will *that* not do as well?"

And if you e'er an orange eat,
Smart wit you're forced to feel;
For some, no doubt, your ears will greet
With, "*Bell*, d'ye like a *peel?*"

If out of town on Christmas-day,
You'll feel the bumpkin's wit,
Who says, all *Bells* a *toll* must pay,
And so you must submit!

Or if you get into a rage,
This rude affair to settle,
The wretch exclaims, "I will engage
You're made o' rare *Bell-metal!*"

Then at the letter-sending time
Of foolish Valentine,
Who is it that can't find a rhyme
To such a name as mine?

Thus, "Dear Miss Bell, I love you well:
Oh, more than tongue can tell!
A long farewell—a soothing spell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"Within my cot in yonder dell,
Oh, come with me and dwell!
There sweetbrier, yields its fragrant smell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"I suffer disappointment fell,
Death's aim I can't repel;
Soon will he heard my funeral knell—
And you'll be *my death—Bell!*"

There's nonpareil, and parallel,
Compel, expel, and sell,
Rebel, and smell, impel, and yell—
And more that *rhyme with Bell!*

Whene'er friends come to visit us,
If I should say a word,
My aunt observes, (quite in a fuss,)
"*Bell's tongue* too loud is heard!"

Quite angry, I then silent sit,
Nor let them hear a tone,
Then some one says, with teazing wit,
"You're quite a *dumb-bell* grown!"

If 'twere not wrong to hang oneself,
I'd try *Bell-rope*, I vow;
But then they'd say, "That silly elf
A *Bell-hanger is* now!"

I hope the coachman, when I die,
To church will *hurry* well,
A final pun, the folks may cry,
"There's *Custer bury Bell!*"

To *ring the changes* on my name,
I fear is rather bold;
So now I stop my *tongue* through shame,
Though *more* I might have *told!*

---

Anecdote of Sir Walter Scott.—When the Baronet was urged not to prop the failing credit of his acquaintance, he replied—"The man was my friend when my friends were few, and I will be his, now that his enemies are many." [worthy of him.]

## ELOQUENT SPEAKING.

In Congress during a late debate, relative to the case of Georgia and the Cherokees, Mr. Burges of R. I. said that Mr. Clayton misrepresented his fellow-citizens when he said Georgia would treat the opinion of the Supreme Court with contempt.

"Sir," (he continued) the lawless Bedouin, who lives upon his sword—who tracks the traveller over the Arabian desert, and mingles with the sand the blood and the bones of whole caravans, would, when made to understand its meaning, pronounce the name of Allah over this mandate, and acknowledge its justice. Pirates of every sea, while they might every hour violate its principles, could not treat with contempt its dignified and sacred requirements. The bravo, the very hireling of blood, would look at the high and holy injunctions of this judgment with that awe and fearfulness which, even when plunging the dagger into the bosom of his victim, will come over his spirit, if memory bring to his ear the mandate of the Eternal, "Thou shalt do no murder!" No, it was not in mortal man to treat a written decision of that court with deliberate contempt. When the gentleman from Georgia said that his own state would do it, he said that which could not be, and which none could believe."

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## THE CHOLERA.

A *general fast* has been ordered by the Government to be observed in England on the 21st of March, on account of "the danger with which the country is threatened by the progress of a grievous disease hitherto unknown in this Island."

The nature of the disease and the mode of its propagation, if no better understood than formerly, is yet quite as much a matter of discussion and debate; and the question of its being "contagious" or "infectious,"—or (as it might better, because more intelligibly and with practical advantage be expressed) *communicable* by human intercourse and the operations of trade, is treated "usque ad nauseam" with a repetition of the same contradictory statements and opinions. For ourselves, we do not propose to add to the supply of materials relating to this dispute—although we consider the point at issue one of high importance. Incidentally, however, it must be touched on in adverting to a document we now proceed to notice.

It is a memorandum prepared by the Central Board of Health of England, and officially communicated by the British Government to that of the United States. The object of this memorandum is to state the ascertained results of experience and observation as to the proper quarantine regulations for preventing the introduction of the Cholera, and which of course are founded on the principle that the disease *may be communicated* by human intercourse. The subject is very clearly treated, and the conclusions at which the Board arrive are these—that the longest interval between a well authenticated *latest* or only exposure to the infection of spasmodic Cholera, and the subsequent manifestation of that disease in a susceptible person has been from *five* to *six days*; that, considering the facts in the case of the Topaze at the Mauritius, where the first instance of Cholera on the island did not occur until the 15th day after her arrival, having had the disease on board—and that the data generally for determining "the length of time during which persons convalescent from Cholera may retain the capability of infecting others," are not sufficiently numerous or precise to be entirely satisfactory, the Board "must consider persons ascertained to be just convalescent from Cholera, as coming under the most aggravated circumstances of a full bill of health;" that, as to "the capability of merchandize to convey and afterwards communicate the infective germs of Cholera," it is well established that no cases of the disease have occurred on board vessels laden with merchandize from infected ports in the Baltic, outside of the Cattegat, nor among those employed in opening or airing their cargoes in the lazarets; and that the European commercial nations generally, both those which have suffered, and those that have escaped the disease, have been led to reduce the period of quarantine restriction. Lubeck, for example, "a territory perfectly exempt from the Cholera, reduced its quarantine upon persons and merchandize arriving from infected ports, first from 11 to 21, and then to 10 days." The Board of Health, then, guided by what experience has established as to the laws which seem to regulate the propagation of the Cholera, and having in view the enlightened decisions of the sanitary authorities of other countries, feel themselves justified in expressing the opinion—

1st. That the maximum of sanitary restriction, or quarantine of observation, for an individual in health, but suspected of carrying the infective germ of Spasmodic Cholera as yet latent in his organization, need not exceed ten days.

2d. That period of separation from the healthy, of an individual ascertained to be just convalescent from the Cholera, need not exceed 20 days.

3d. That ordinary Diarrhœa, continuing one or more days, being often the first symptoms of Cholera, persons arriving from infected places, laboring under even the mildest degree of purging, should not be admitted to free pratique, before the 5th day after perfect recovery from the same.

4th. That the clothes, bedding, effects, and sleeping places of all persons on board vessels from infected ports, ought to be opened, aired and purified during 3 days after their arrival, although the length of the voyage may have exceeded the period of quarantine adjudged in such cases to healthy ships and unsusceptible cargoes.

5th. That the longest period of detention, for airing and purifying merchandize of the most susceptible class, and arriving under the most suspicious circumstances, need not exceed 15 days, to be counted from the day on which the airing may, *bona fide*, have commenced.

Finally, The Board see no reason to believe that the above suggestions, directed against Spasmodic Cholera alone, require any modification in reference to climate.

(Signed) E. Stewart, Chairman,
Wm Pym, Superⁱ Gen. Quarantine
J. Marshall, Lt. Col.
Wm. Russell, M. D.
D. Barry, M. D. [*Atlas.*

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## ROYAL MAGNIFICENCE.

*Palais Royal.*—The works on that side of the Palais Royal which adjoins the Theatre Francais, are going on with great activity. This part of the Palace comprises a suite of apartments and a range of galleries which extend from the garden to the rue St. Honore. Nothing can exceed the elegant magnificence of the gilding and other decorations of this wing, nor the beauty of its arrangement. Its most distinguished ornament, however, is a colonnade of white marble, exquisitely wrought, and containing many fine statues; the most remarkable of which are those of Talma, a Bacchus, and a Leda. In these galleries is to be placed a series of paintings, representing the most interesting historical events connected with the Palais Royal. They have been entrusted to the execution of the most celebrated artists of the modern school, and are all nearly finished: the places they are to occupy are already fixed upon. The whole of the embellishments of these magnificent saloons, at which the artists and artisans are working night and day, will be finished on the 10th of January, and they will be opened on the 16th, when the King will give a grand national entertainment. It is said that this superb palace, in the embellishment of which the King has taken so much delight, will not be inhabited by the Duke of Orleans (part of whose appanage it is to be) until after his marriage.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

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## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

*Debts in France.*—The Bill for regulating the term for imprisonment for debt has passed the Chamber of Peers. The following are its principal provisions:—All persons, against whom judgments are obtained for commercial debts, upon notes of hand, bills of exchange or other securities given in consideration of goods delivered, money advanced, or any other bank or exchange transaction, shall be liable to imprisonment for various terms of years, viz: For a debt amounting to 200 francs, (8l. sterling,) and under 500, one year: from 1000 to 5000 francs, three years; from 5000 to 5000 francs, four years; from 5000 francs and upwards, five years. No prisoner to be detained after he has commenced the seventieth year of his age. With the usual French *liberality* towards foreigners, the provisions and penalties in respect to them are somewhat different. They may be imprisoned for commercial debts amounting to 150 francs, (6l sterling!!) and the terms of their detention, though upon the same scale of count, are precisely *double* the different periods allotted to Frenchmen. Foreigners may also be imprisoned *before* the judgment, if a creditor chooses to assert before a commissary, or *Juge de Paix*, they are about to leave the country. We would particularly call the attention of the British public to this *inhospitable* and uncivilized distinction.—*Lond. paper.*

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*Population of Great Britain.*—From the returns just printed by order of Parliament, it appears that the population of England was, in 1801, 8,331,434; in 1811, 9,538,827, an increase of 14½ per ct.; in 1821, 11,261,437, inc. 17½ per. ct.; and in 1831, 13,089,338 —an inc. of 16 per ct. Increase within the last thirty years, 4,757,904.

The population of Wales stands thus: in 1801, 541,546; in 1811, 611,788; in 1821, 717,438; and in 1831, 805,236.

That of Scotland as follows: in 1801, 1,599,068; in 1811, 1,805,688; in 1821, 2,093,456; and in 1831, 2,365,807.

The summary of Great Britain is as follows;—In 1801, 10,942,646; in 1811, 12,609,864, being an increase of 15¼ per ct.; in 1821, 14,391,631, an increase of 14 per ct.; and in 1831, 16,537,333, an increase of 15 per ct.

In 1801, the number of females in Great Britain was 5,492,556; in 18011, 6,269,659, an increase of 14-15 per ct.; in 1821, 7,254,613, an increase of 15-71 per ct.; and in 1831, 8,375,780, an increase of 15-45 per ct.

The population of London was in 1801, 864,845; in 1811, 1,009,546; in 1821, 1,225,694; and in 1831, 1,474,069; male, 684,441; females, 789,628.

The summary of the annual value of *real property* in England was £49,744,622; in Wales, £2,153,801; and in Scotland, £6,652,655;—making a total of £58,551,078.

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In the Chamber of Deputies, the *French Budget* had been the prominent topic of discussion. During a recent debate, one of the speakers, M. Jules de la Rochefoucald, compared the Budget of America with that of France; and maintained that if all the various charges to which the population of the United States was subjected in different shapes were brought into it, the amount would give an average of 35fr. for each individual, while that of France was only 31fr. for each inhabitant. General Lafayette had addressed a circular to the members of the Chamber, in which he states that, having read an article in the Revue Britannique, referred to in the Moniteur, upon the comparative departmental expenses of France and America, and being struck with the manifest errors it contained, he had consulted the celebrated American writer, Mr. Fennimore Cooper, and also General Bertrand, who had resided fifteen years in America, from whose concurring evidence it resulted that the whole budget

of the United States amounted only to 147,402,051 fr. 50 c. which divided by 12,856,497 the number of inhabitants, gives an average of 11 fr. 47 c. for each individual, instead of from 31 fr. to 35 fr. as asserted in the Revue Britannique, while the ordinary French Budget of 1830, which amounted to 900,074,432 fr. gives, if divided by 32,000,000, the number of inhabitants, an average of 28 fr. 12 c. per head.

*Robbery of a Lawyer.*—On Tuesday the following robbery was perpetrated in the Bankrupt Court, Basinghall-street: Mr. Franklyn, Solicitor of Barnet, attended with a country client, who was to be examined. On taking his seat on the form opposite the commissioners, he placed his great coat under him. In a few minutes afterwards, having occasion to rise to address the commissioners, he found that the coat on which he had so recently made a *settlement*, was *drawn* (away) by some loitering *conveyancer*. This manœuvre was the work of a moment —in fact, there never was a *deed* so quickly *executed*. That it was irregularly *assigned*, and that its fate was *sealed*, was evident—but to whom it was *delivered*, no deponent could be found to declare.—*Eng. Paper.*

On the 9th instant, about ten, P. M., a large herring gull struck one of the southeastern mullions of the *Bell Rock Lighthouse* with such force, that two of the polished plates of glass, measuring about two feet square and a quarter of an inch in thickness, were shivered to pieces and scattered over the floor in a thousand atoms, to the great alarm of the keeper on watch, and the other two inmates of the house, who rushed instantly to the light-room. It fortunately happened, that although one of the red shaded sides of the reflector frame was passing in its revolution at the moment, the pieces of broken glass were so minute, that no injury was done to the red glass. The gull was found to measure five feet between the tips of the wings. In its gullet was found a large herring, and, what is remarkable, in its throat a piece of plate glass of about one inch in length.—*Lit. paper.*

The Duke of Devonshire has made a curious and valuable present to the Society of Antiquaries—a facsimile of the *Sketch-Book of Inigo Jones*, kept by him during his second visit to Italy in 1614. The original is a most remarkable relic, and came to his Grace from the celebrated Earl of Burlington: it is an octavo volume, filled with drawings, chiefly of the human figure and face, in pen and ink, entirely by the hand of Inigo Jones, who has annexed and interspersed many critical remarks. The Duke of Devonshire has had a few fac-simile impressions made merely for presents, and one of these he has given to the Society of Antiquaries.—*Eng. pap.*

*Braham, the Singer.*—This year (1832) Braham will have been upon the stage for *half a century*. His first appearance was at the Royalty, when opened by John Palmer. He was then a juvenile prodigy. How many *notes* has he sent forth and received during his 50 years' experience? [Some of the papers assert that his musical powers at the present time, are quite equal to what they have ever been.]

A new edition of the life and *works of Lord Byron* is now publishing by Murray in London, in fourteen volumes. It will extend to 50,000 copies, making 700,000 volumes—the quantity of paper used will be 35000 reams—the cloth binding will consume more than 60,000 yards, and 100,000 pounds weight of pasteboard—the number of persons kept in constant employment for 14 months, in manufacturing the paper, in printing, engraving, binding, lettering, &c. will be 300—and one million two hundred thousand dollars will be circulated by the edition.—*Mer. Adv.*

It is well known that Peter of Colechurch, the founder of *Old London Bridge*, did not live to witness the completion of the structure, but died in 1205, and was buried in a crypt within the centre pier of the bridge, over which a chapel was erected, dedicated to Thomas-a-Becket. Mr. Brayley, in his *Londoniana*, wrote about five years since, "that if due care be taken when the old bridge is pulled down, the bones and ashes of its venerable architect may still be found;" and, true enough, the bones of old Peter were found, on removing the pier, about a fortnight ago.—*Lond pa.*

*Longevity.*—There are five brothers all living in or near the town of Bingley, in this county, of the name of Briggs, whose united ages amount to 385 years—the eldest being 84, the second 81, the third 78, the fourth 73, and the fifth 67 years of age. We wish some member of the long-lived family would do us the favor to send us an account of their habits of life for the use of the public, for it is matter of some curiosity to know under what circumstances so many members of one family have attained to their venerable age.—*Leed's Mer.*

*New-Orleans News!*—The papers quote an extract from a letter dated, City of Mexico, Jan. 11, 1832, from an American gentleman of respectability resident there, to his correspondent in this city" as follows: "They make known at home that Captain *William Morgan*, who was so cruelly murdered twice by the wicked masons in the northern part of the State of New York, and buried in a sack in one of the big lakes, is alive and well, in this city, and gaining an honest livelihood by painting coaches, houses, &c." The Free Press says of the letter—"If any one doubts its authenticity, he can by calling at this office be referred to the original letter; and to save trouble, we shall request the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed to loan it to us for a few days that all who *doubt* may believe."—*Atlas*

## MARRIED,

In this city, Alexander Gwin, jr. of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ann Willis.

On the 15th, Thomas A. Secord, to Miss Cordelia Ketcham, of Huntington, L.I.

Ketcham Cordelia if you can;
I have says she, and Secord's the man.

On the 16th, Henry Wreaks, to Miss E. M. Frazwilliams.

At Troy, Duncan McFarland, to Miss Catharine Grandy; George M. Coffin, to Miss Louise Maria Bowman; and Isaac Norton, to Miss Wellmena Martin.

At Newburgh, George Reeve, merchant, to Miss Caroline Ingersoll.

At St. Andrews, Orange county, Alexander L. Carpenter, to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence.

At New Haven, Wm. Townsend, to Miss Rebecca Trowbridge.

At Wethersfield, Benjamin Twiss, of Meriden, to Miss Lucy Francis.

At Hartford, Jason Clapp, Esq. to Miss Cecilia Luce, both of Pittsfield, Mass.

At Salem, Capt. Samuel Benson, to Miss Sarah Maria Prentiss.

At Boston, Caleb Strong Whitman, M.D. to Miss Elizabeth Seaver.

## DIED,

In this city, on the 15th, Captain Christopher Prince, aged 71 years.

On the 15th, Mrs. Sarah Repose, wife of Abraham Riker, aged 27.

On the 17th, James Roberts, aged 45.

On the 18th, Mrs. Abigail Kip, aged 53, relict of the late James S. Kip, Esq. of Utica.

At Bangor, Mrs. Dorcas Pike, wife of Daniel Pike, Esq. aged 31.

At Rye, Dr. Joseph Parsons, aged 75, for many years the only physician in that town.

At Quincy, Hon. Thomas B. Adams, brother of the 1st President of the U.S., aged 59.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Capt. Andrew Wilson, aged 50.

At Bristol, Mrs. Hannah Munro, relict of Dea. Wm. Munro, aged 90.

At Rockville, Md. John Porter, Esq. Editor of the "Free Press."

At St. Louis, George Morrow, aged 11.

At Havana, Capt. Wm. Work, late commander of the brig Argentina, of Providence.

In England, George Webb, father of E. J. Webb of this city, aged 57.

At Rome, Italy, on the 18th Jan. last, Edward Abeel, of this city, aged 26.


TO SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS.

MARBLE DUST, warranted to be of superior quality, furnished to order at the lowest rates by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
mar. 24. 420 Pearl, corner of Rose-st.

CARPETING.

J. & J. H. SACKETT, No. 96 Division st. nearly opposite the head of Market st. are now opening their usual large assortment of spring goods, embracing the following, viz.:

Several bales of Imperial or three ply Carpeting of entire new patterns and colours, an article surpassing in point of beauty, brilliance and durability, any heretofore imported. Also several bales double super white ground, shaded in every variety, and including all the most desirable fashionable patterns, and warranted of superior quality. Also, superfine, light and dark grounds, of endless variety. Also, 15 bales fancy, and 5 do. common Carpeting; figured damask Venitian and striped do. in sets; Imperial Rugs; Brussels do.; Wilton do.; Piano Covers; Table do.; Stand do.; Baizes; Matting; Mats; &c. Also, an assortment of patent painted Floor Cloths, different widths. The above will be sold at the lowest prices.

N.B. Just received and now opening, several bales English Brussels of superior quality, from the first manufactory in Kidderminster. 3d mo. 24.

FRENCH GUM BALLS.

A FRESH supply of this elegant article for coughs just received and for sale by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
Apothecary and Druggist,
mar. 24. Cor. of Pearl and Rose sts.

PORTUGUESE LEECHES.

SUPERIOR Portuguese Leeches for sale, and applied by Geo. D. Coggeshall, Apothecary,
mar. 24. Corner of Pearl and Rose streets.

WHITE VELVET SPONGE,

PREPARED from the finest and best lot of sponge in market, and unsurpassed in beauty of shade and texture. Prepared and for sale wholesale and retail by George D. Coggeshall, Apothecary,
mar. 24. Cor. of Pearl and Rose sts.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, known as "the never sad always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for Manager's Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff, or advertise daily; but he will here state, that he has no connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York,
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER Pittsburg, Pa.

Numbers drawn on the 21st:—2 5 3 7 25 43 25 37.

The following brilliant lotteries are now to be drawn—Managers, Nos. 4 & 5 Future—licensed vender, S. J. Sylvester.

March 21, N.Y. Lottery, Class No. 7—$10,000, 10,000, &c.—Tickets $5.

N.B. All the above are first rate schemes, and tickets are ready for delivery at my respective offices.

The public's obedient servant,
S. J. SYLVESTER.

*To Banks, Merchants, Traders, Dealers, etc. etc.*—The Subscriber has enlarged the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector & Price Current to the imperial size. It is now complete in every department; and, in addition to the useful tables, it contains a great variety of reading matter. The Counterfeit and Bank Note List is the largest ever published. Terms, $2.50 per ann in advance. It is sent gratis to all who deal in any manner with

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

DANIEL KLAUBERG, 84 MAIDEN LANE,
*Surgical and Chirurgical Instrument Maker,*

AND dealer in fine cutlery, returns his unfeigned thanks to his friends and the citizens of New York generally, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since his first establishment in this city, which he will ever hold in grateful remembrance.

Having resolved to locate himself in the enterprizing settlement of St. Louis, (Missouri,) he will remove from this city on the 1st of May next; and, as he has a very fine assortment of articles in his line on hand, he invites professional gentlemen, and those who use fine cutlery, &c. to call at the old stand, 84 Maiden lane, without delay, as he is determined to dispose of them on the most reasonable terms for cash.

D. K. requests all persons to whom he may be indebted, to send in their accounts for settlement; and those that these indebted to him, will call without delay and make payment. mar. 24.

FRENCH CHLORINE PHARMACUM,

FOR the cure of gleet and urithritis or gonorrhœa, without the use of internal medicines, in both sexes. It also cleans and heals all foul ulcers, wherever they may be situated, cures salt rheum, and removes all hepetic eruptions from the skin. From late discoveries and experiments, the author considers this Compound of Chlorine the most important improvement in the cure of gonorrhœa that has yet been offered to the public. Its effects in the inflamed membrane of the urethra, is to destroy the poison that keeps up the discharge and inflammation. The tedious method of taking various medicines internally for this local disease is unnecessary and vexatious. Simple gonorrhœa, and all the troublesome affections arising from the old method of cure will be removed by the use of this injection in a few days without a single dose of medicine internally. Directions must at the same time be explicitely adhered to.—Sold wholesale and retail by

JAMES H. HART,
mar. 24. Cor. Broadway and Chambers st. N.Y.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,
*At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N.Y.*

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar. 3. P. BYRNE.

C. F. CROCKETT, agent, 154 Broadway, has for sale a splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps*. Hats of a superior quality at $4. feb. 25.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

TO PRINTERS.—*A. Pell & Brother,* (late William Hagar & Co.) have removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No 29 Gold-street, corner of John-street, New York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturers' prices—chases, composing sticks, cases, &c. &c.

They have complete series of Fonts from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with those of other Foundries) at six months' credit, or seven and a half per cent. discount for cash:—Six line Pica, and all larger, 28 cts.; Cannon to six line Pica, 30 cts.; Double English to Double Paragon, 32 cts.; Great Primer to Double Pica, 34 cts.; English and Pica, 36 cts.; Small Pica, 38 cts.; Long Primer, 40 cts.; Bourgeois, 46 cts.; Brevier, 56 cts.; Minion, 70 cts.; Nonpareil, 90 cts.; Agate, $1.16; Pearl, $1.40; and Diamond, 2.60 per lb. All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

A. Pell & Brother cast their book and newspaper Fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A.P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., and for the "Washington Press," invented by Ruth. The following are the prices at six months' credit.—Medium or Royal, $230; Super Royal, 240; Imperial, 250; No. 2 do. 2-0, No. 3 do. $270. *New York, Feb 28, 1832.*

*** Printers of papers throughout the U. States and Canada who will give the above advertisement a few insertions, will be allowed three dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or to articles from the Foundry, provided four times that amount be purchased.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st. and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follows:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals $6 50 per chaldron of 36 by 9els (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $4 per chaldron. From the yard—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, cor. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 283 Washington street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

*Oct. 29.* RUPERT J. COCHRAN 87 Broad st.

L. I. COHEN,
*REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,*
AND
EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER
AND IMPORTER OF
*FANCY ARTICLES,*
No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from C. dar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

FINE
POCKET-BOOKS.
GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
*Wholesale and Retail,*
By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gilt-Trimm'd Card Cases, Pocket Books, &c. at very reasonable prices, worthy the attention of those who desire a *neat* and good article. jan. 21.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

*PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,*

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D. Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 1828

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

*The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the* BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances made use of for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire and acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth or *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and execut professional skill.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

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The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,
*Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"*
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